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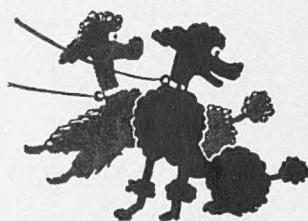
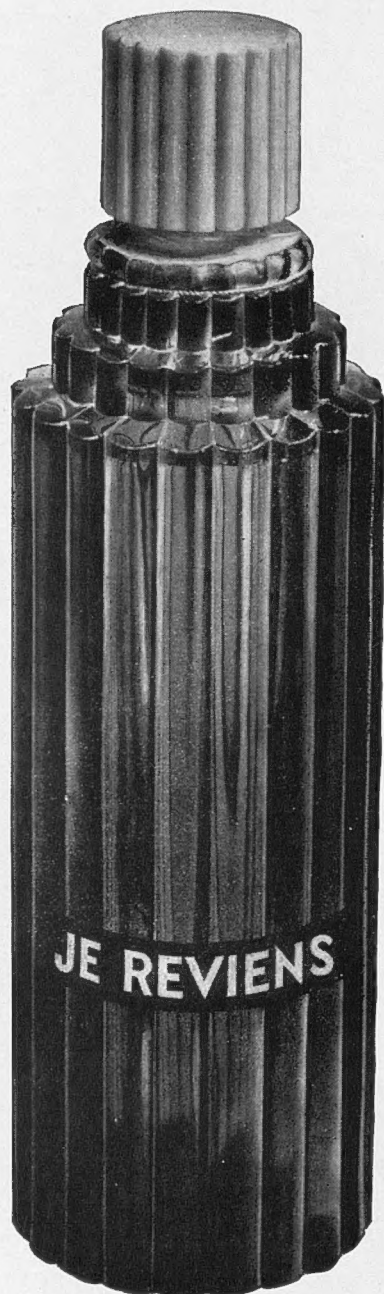
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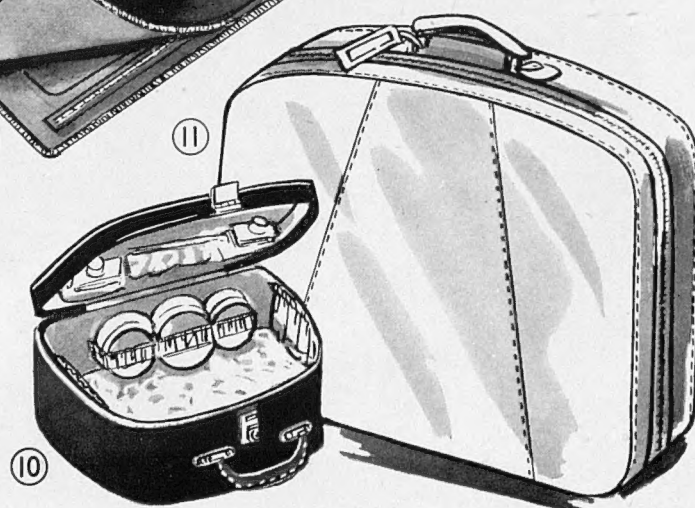
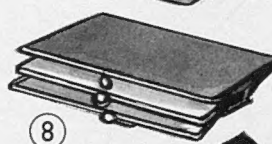
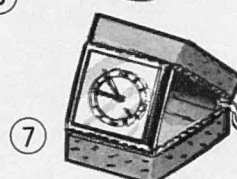
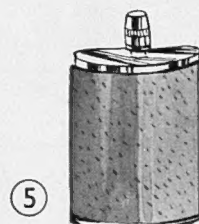
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

5 DECEMBER, 1962

Volume 246 Number 3197

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Fashion facts for winter 1962 are stated in black and white page 673 onwards but the theme is set on the cover with Vic Singh's dramatic picture whose visual aids include a jet brooch from the Christian Dior Boutique, and osprey feathers from Balfour & Co., W.1. Other items devised to brighten winter in this week's TATLER include some special beauty illuminations by Elizabeth Williamson (Good Looks, page 689) and a visit to the desert during the making of the epic Lawrence of Arabia, premièred in London this week

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Hunt Balls: Monmouthshire, Pant-y-Goitre, Abergavenny; Beaufort, Badminton; Warwickshire, Farnborough Hall; Eridge, Elizabethan Barn, Tunbridge Wells, 7 December; Berkeley, Berkeley Castle; Ilminster Beagles, Shrubbery Hotel, Ilminster; Heythrop, 14 December; Cottesmore, Hambleton Hall, 15 December. **Newmarket December Sales**, to 7 December.

Gala Matinée of Ballet, Drury Lane, 6 December, in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing Building Fund. Margot Fonteyn and guest artists. (Tickets 10s. 6d. to 5 gns. from Webster & Girling, 211 Baker St., N.W.1. WEL 6666.)

British Racing Drivers' Club dinner-dance, the Dorchester, 7 December. (Details, Mr. J. Eason Gibson, GRO 8737.)

The Queen will attend the world première of *Lawrence of Arabia*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on 10 December. Proceeds will go to the Save the Children Fund, and S.S.A.F.A. **Snow Ball**, the Dorchester, 11 December, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind.

Christmas Ball, theme "Belshazzar's Feast," Royal College of Art, 11 December. (Details,

Ball Secretary, R.C.A., Kensington Gore, S.W.7.)

Liberal Ball, Grosvenor House, 12 December.

Christmas Ball, Grosvenor House, 13 December, in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. (Details, Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gdns., S.W.7. FRE 2285-6.)

Cresta Ball, Savoy, 14 November. (Details, Mrs. Vernon Pape, MAY 4861.)

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Plumpton, today; Liverpool, today & 6; Wincanton, 6; Lingfield Park, 7, 8; Uttoxeter, Chepstow, Newcastle, 8; Birmingham, 10, 11; Windsor, 12, 13 December.

RUGBY

Oxford v. Cambridge, Twickenham, 11 December.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Tosca*, tonight, 8, 12 December, 7.30 p.m.; *Die Walküre*, 7, 11, 14 December, 6 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *La Valse*, *The Two Pigeons*, 6 December; *Les Sylphides*, *Napoli*, *Flower Festival at Genzano*, *Raymonda*, *Petrushka*, 10 December; *The Good Humoured Ladies*, *The Invitation*, *Birthday Offering*, 13 December. All 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Girl Of The Golden West* (first perfs.) tonight, 7, 11, 13 December; *The Mikado*, 6, 8, 14 December; *Idomeneo*, 12 December. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Allegri String Quartet, with Lili Kraus (piano) in a Schubert programme, 8 p.m., 6 December; L.S.O., cond. Pierre Monteux, with Victoria de los Angeles (soprano), 8 p.m., 7 December; R.P.O., cond. Laszlo Halasz with Tamas Vasary (piano), 8 p.m., 8 December; Goldsmith's



ERIC AUERBACH

Some stand, some sit on the tables, others occupy "boxes"—they are an audience at one of the three Guildhall "Lunchtime Proms" given this autumn with the co-operation of the B.B.C., whose Concert Orchestra plays light classics at them. The last takes place tomorrow, when the conductor will be Mr. Gordon Thorne, principal of the Guildhall School of Music, and the School's choir will also take part

Choral Union with Riddick Orchestra in *Messiah*, 2.30 p.m., 9 December. English Chamber Orchestra, cond. Colin Davis, with Clifford Curzon (piano) and Peter Pears (tenor), 8 p.m., 10 December. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Jean Arp retrospective exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 23 December.

Greek & Russian icons, Temple Gallery, 3 Harriet St., Knightsbridge, to end of month.

The Dutch Romantics, Denis Vanderkar Gallery, Mason's Yard, S.W.1, to 21 December. (In aid of the Gt. Ormond St. Children's Hospital.)

Edward Middleditch paintings, Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, to 21 December.

H. M. Bateman, original drawings, Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond St., to 15 December.

Robert Van Eyck paintings, Brook St. Gallery, to 19 December. (Catalogues, 2s. 6d., proceeds to Lady Hoare's Thalidomide Appeal.)

Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, to 20 December.

Society of Portrait Sculptors Exhibition, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 8 December.

Fang Chao Ling, paintings & calligraphy, Foyle's Art Gallery, to 8 December.

SHOW

Smithfield Show, Earls Court, to 7 December.

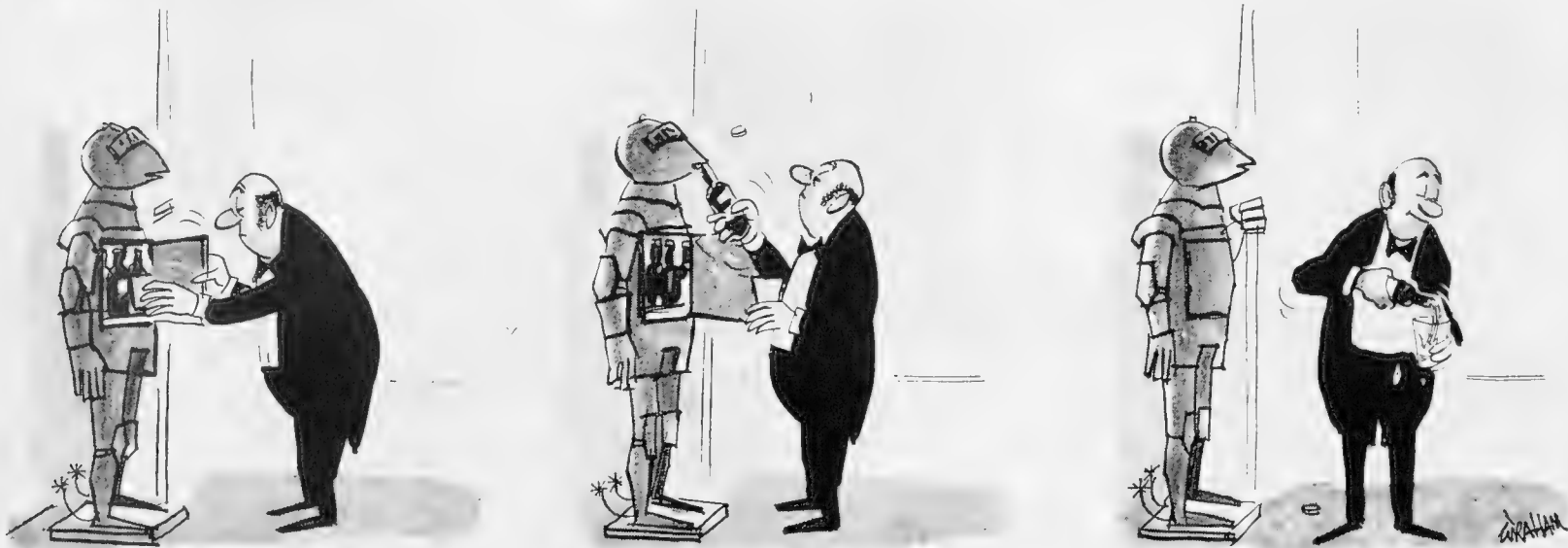
FIRST NIGHTS

Saville. *Semi-Detached*, to-night.

Players. *Jubilee Joys*, 6 December.

Phoenix. *All Things Bright & Beautiful*, 13 December.

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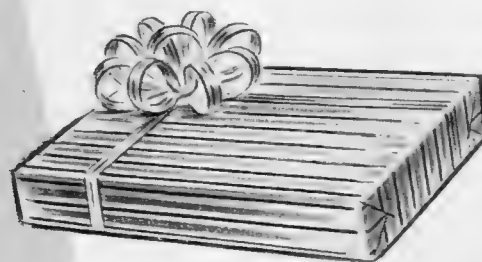
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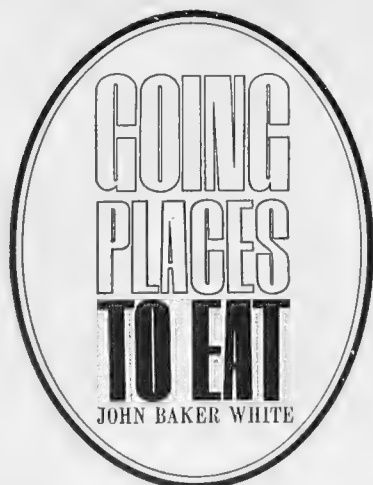
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A call at No. 1

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Hand & Flower Hotel, 1 Hammersmith Road (opposite Olympia). (FUL 1000.) Open Monday-Saturday, inclusive, and lunchtime Sundays. Mr. Jack Levy is a highly experienced hotelier, with an implicit belief in the virtues of British farm and garden produce, and in the proper cooking of it. So the food in this restaurant is true-blue British, plain, well-cooked and not at all expensive—2s. upwards for the first course, from about 5s. to 10s. for the main course. There is a sound French wine at 3s. by the glass and a comprehensive wine list, and Courage's beer. Mr. Levy is usually about the place himself, making certain his guests are happy. There is a 10 per cent service charge. Just right for that visit to the circus or fun fair. W.B. luncheon.

The Stable, 123 Cromwell Road. C.S. (FRO 1203.) Open for luncheon and dinner. Dancing from 10.30 p.m. to 2.30 a.m. with licence. Guitar music at dinner. This restaurant has more than doubled in size since my first visit, which is not surprising, for it is a pleasant place for a quiet luncheon or an evening out. The Italo-French cooking is first-class. I draw particular attention to the *Zuppa di Pesce Barcaiola* (7s. 6d.), *Nouilles à la Mario* (6s. 6d.) and *Scampi alla Carrettiera* (14s. 6d.). I am often critical of the vegetables, even in the most opulent establishments, but there are no grounds for criticism here. The wine list is well-matched to the menu of some 80 items. Allow about 30s. without wine. *Maitre d'hôtel* Mario is a charming host. W.B.

Christmas outing

Mr. John Stratton of the **Bell House**, Sutton Benger, well known for its cooking and admirable cellar, has sent me details of his Christmas Eve



Apart from music, the Aldeburgh Festival Club has other highly civilized interests. Recently it was decided to lay down three new wines in the Club's cellar, and a tasting was held to choose them. Taking part in it here are the Earl & Countess of Cranbrook, composer Benjamin Britten and Mr. J. C. Ionides of Percy Fox

to New Year's programme. It sounds quite exciting, and Bill McGuffie will be at the piano every evening, quite apart from three dinner-dances in the period. Sutton Benger is what the estate agents call "conveniently situated" to Chippenham, Swindon and Marlborough.

Wine note

Morris was a Parisian printer who in 1888 got permission from the municipal council to build

100 small columns to display bills of plays and concerts. They have remained a feature of Paris to this day. Now Marie Brizard, the Bordeaux liqueur manufacturers, have produced porcelain replicas of them containing the equivalent of half a bottle of their apricot brandy, Apry. They cost 45s.

Prunier Wines also have Christmas in mind. They are offering an amphora containing their fine champagne cognac, which, when empty, can be used

as a vase or table lamp. The cost with postage is £4 1s. 0d., with lampshade, £5 14s. 6d.

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A pleasant place for a business luncheon. Prices moderate.

CABARET CALENDAR

Room at the Top (ILF 4455).

Jenny Johnson; *she's in the new musical* *Vanity Fair*

Savoy (TEM 4343). Les Cinq Peres, *French humorists*, Johnny Hart, *England's youngest magician* and the *Savoy Dancers*

Pigalle (REG 7746). *The Fijian princess* Carmita stars in a *floorshow with an exotic touch* *Tropical Paradise*. Also the *Maori High-Five*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051).

The Beverley Sisters, plus the 45 minute spectacular *Robert Nesbitt revue Fantastico* featuring Michael Desmond, Eileen Gourlay, Christine Craig and the *Baranton Sisters*

Establishment (GER 8111).

New Satirical show featuring Paul McDowell (*of the Temperance Seven*), Wendy Varnals, Robin Grove-White and Peter Bellwood. *Directed by* Nicholas Garland

The Stage Door (WHI 6850).

Jeanette & Shimon, *dancers*

Janie Marden (*right*) is appearing at the **Colony** restaurant (MAY 1657). *Star of revues and pantomime, she has appeared regularly on television and radio*



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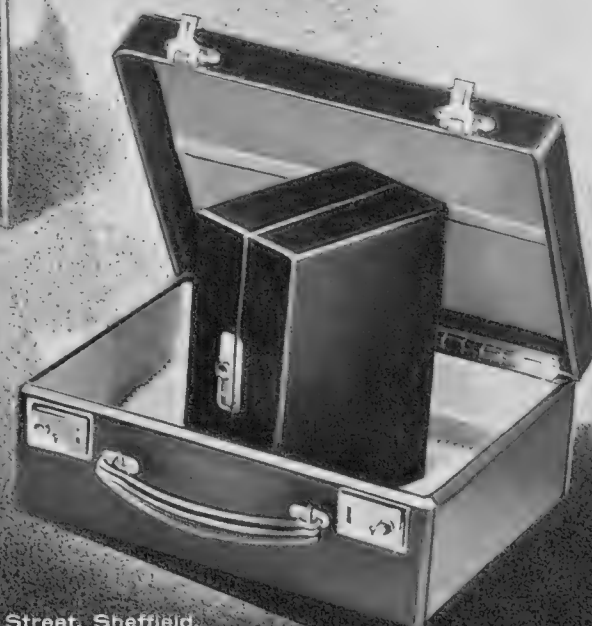
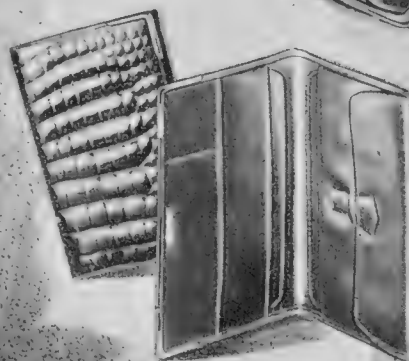
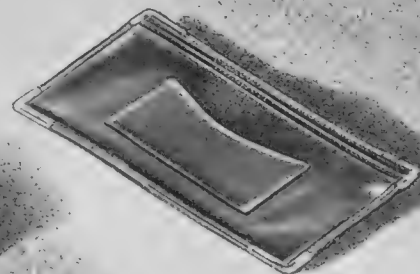
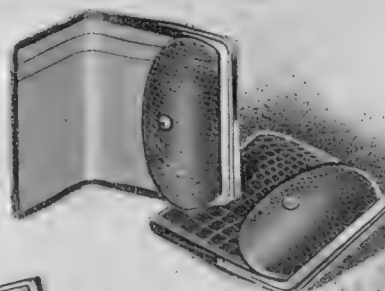
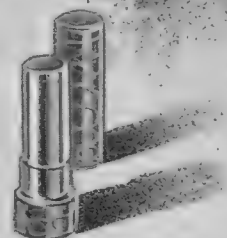
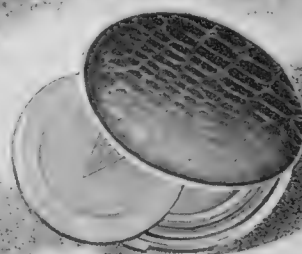
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Amsterdam revisited

AMSTERDAM IS A CITY TO WHICH one returns with renewed affection. It is heart-warming to see again the harp-shaped gables of the houses, doubled in reflection over the still, steely canals; to hear the nostalgic groan of the giant barrel organ; to smell the fresh, banked-up freesias of the flower stalls, the whiff of chestnuts from the open braziers. Nothing can really happen to the inner circle of Amsterdam. The very structure of its concentric canals precludes any sweeping-away of the endearing old clutter in favour of the sometimes misguided visions of an architectural Brave New World which plague so many other capitals, especially when one strikes them at transition stage. The city centre has a wonderful cohesion and harmony of 18th-century buildings, and though cars whizz over its cobbled streets at suicidal speed, the pace somehow remains that of the water and the barges.

In bars and restaurants, the entertainment is usually provided by a pianist and the service is silvery, plushy, respectfully old-fashioned. In fact I would put the best of Dutch food among Europe's top half-dozen, and it is significant that Michelin have recently covered Holland in their Benelux edition. One of the few new buildings is the 13-storey harbour block, whose top floor has a



good bar and a splendid restaurant with a view over the city one side, the cranes, ships and harbour on the other. More typical old Amsterdam restaurants include the Binnenhofje, in a rustic 16th-century house; Adrian, an intimate little French place, and Boudierij, which is decorated like a country kitchen. This one has a Michelin star, as also does Dikker & Thys, which is perhaps the most gracious and expensive of the lot.

Two hotels with excellent food are Doolon's Savarin restaurant (in summer, an outdoor terrace over the canal) and the Europe's Excelsior. This by no means exhausts the tally, but it is the cream and, at any rate, the weekend's worth. From it, you are, alas, likely to return several pounds heavier: the Dutch, who gave

at least one sauce its name, are masters of this particular culinary art. Night life and café life go on in two well-defined areas: Leidesplein and Rembrandtsplein. Though I am told that the Blue Note is an exception to the rule, I have found the conventional night clubs too large, too brightly lit and too noisy. Amsterdam suffers the slightly damning reputation of being "respectable," but no busy dock area can be entirely colourless, and the Dutch capital is no exception. Zeedyck, which winds through the canals between St. Nicholas Church and the docks, is gay with Chinese lanterns and sailors' bars, and from one of these, the Casa Blanca, there issued the unmistakable notes of West Indian calypso music. Inside, five West Indians from Dutch Guiana played in a trance of rhythm and a clientele ranging through every imaginable shade of class and colour were dancing till the floor shook. You must take the ambience as you find it, but the attitude of the barman was courteous and extremely protective towards visitors, and few would care, I imagine, to get on the wrong side of either he or the doorman. Little canals bordered by some of the oldest and prettiest houses in the city lead off Zeedyck on either side and in these, as in the rest of the city, a peculiar enchantment of the night is the display of curtainless windows, rose and amber-lit.

In search of more intellectual diversions, the Rijksmuseum contains one of the world's richest collections of Dutch painting. On a smaller scale, a collection of Rembrandt's etchings is charmingly displayed in an old house just off Rembrandtsplein. The Stedelijk Museum contains, among many Impressionists, a chronological series of Van Gogh, starting from his dark and early days in Paris, and ending with the riot of colour which inspired him in Provence.

It is worth making the 15-minute train journey to Haarlem, if only to see the Frans Hals Museum and six of his most important group portraits. The Hague itself is less than an hour by train from Amsterdam, and here is another treasure in the small but superb collection in the Mauritshuis: it includes Rembrandt's *Saul & David* and his almost Impressionist portrait of two Negroes. Back to the pleasures of the table, one of the best restaurants in the Hague is the House of Lords, with another well deserved star from Michelin.

There are many more excursions to make from Amsterdam—one of them is to the poetic little towns on the Zuider Zee: Medemblik, Enkhuizen and Hoord. Another, to the flower market at Aalmeer, the cheese markets of Gouda and Alkmaar, which have remained completely traditional.

I divided my stay in the capital between two different hotels both of which I commend for being the best of their kind. The Estherea (Singel, 305) is the perfect "little" hotel, hardly more than a pension. It is on one of the quietest and prettiest bits of the canal, and charges for one of their best front rooms, including private bath and breakfast, is £3 a night for two. The Doelen is one of Amsterdam's oldest and most traditional hotels (in the 17th century it was the headquarters of the Civic Guard who commissioned Rembrandt's *Night Watch*), and both its comfort and service are of the highest order. Depending on what sort of a room you want, charges are from £5 a night for two.

Tourist Class air fares are £17 10s. by day, £13 10s. by night. There are eight flights per day, of which K.L.M. Electras operate four. On each of their hour-long flights, they manage to serve a hot meal even to tourist class passengers: a piece of enterprise on which I think they deserve congratulation.

AMSTERDAM: *The Singel Canal with the Mint Tower in the background*



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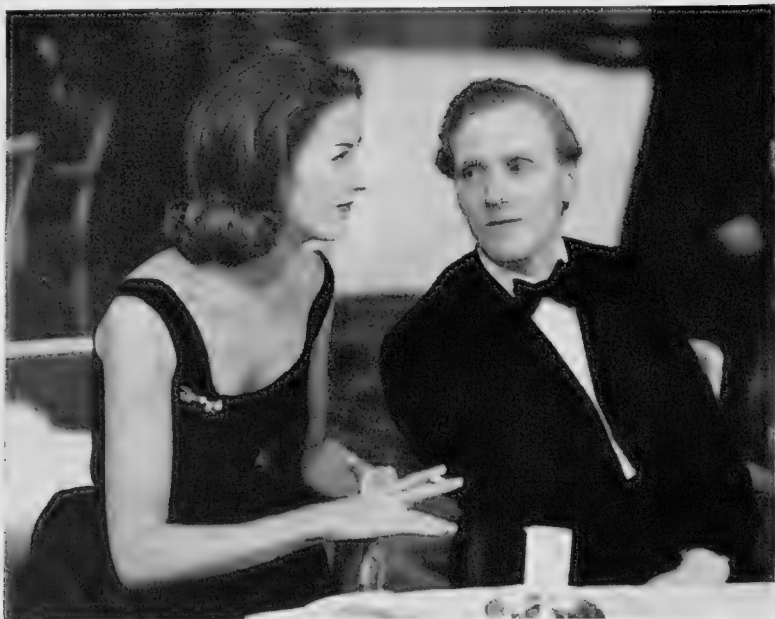
A BALL FOR CHARITY

The annual Red Cross Ball under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal was the biggest and most successful yet, following the decision of the committee's chairman, Lady Rotherwick, to hold it in the Great Room at Grosvenor House. She is seen below drawing raffle tickets with Lady Judith Compton and the Earl of Shaftesbury, the joint Junior chairmen. Muriel Bowen describes the ball overleaf with more pictures by Alan Vines



A BALL FOR CHARITY *continued*

MURIEL
BOWEN
REPORTS



Miss Caroline Neilson and Mr. Sandy Gilmour



Miss Pamela Deane



Miss Victoria Feilden and Mr. John Townsend



Mrs. Geoffrey Kitchen and Mr. Jack Cotton



Miss Gay Tregoning and Mr. Wauchope. Right: Miss Tana Alexander and Mr. Rupert Hazlerigg



PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES

TWINS ON THE DOUBLE

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Mrs. Diana Barnato Walker, the Earl of Inchcape and Mr. Willy Freund



Lady Rotherwick and Miss Goodbody



Lady Judith Compton and Mr. Timothy Fenston

BIGGEST TALKING POINT AMONG M.P.'s wives who have been to tea with LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN recently at Admiralty House has been the service rendered by six-year-old Amery twins, LEOPOLD and ELIZABETH, who carted round trays as big as themselves and generally made the M.P.'s wives forget about calories. Elizabeth and Leopold followed their grandmother's instructions to the letter about seeing that everybody had enough to eat. Afterwards they retreated to a quiet corner and sat on the floor. Heads down, surrounded by trays they carefully counted the number of sandwiches left over! The twins are the children of Mr. JULIAN AMERY, the Air Minister, & Mrs. AMERY.

THE FRASER TOUCH

SIR HUGH FRASER, who owns Harrods, had his Christmas presents problem partly solved at the Red Cross Ball at Grosvenor House, pictured on this page. I found him pacing up and down by the tombola barricade. "They're getting me a red carpet I've won," he said in the quiet way of a man who is used to big things coming his way. Under his arm he had a casserole ("I don't think there is anything in it"), an envelope with theatre tickets, and a few more bits and pieces. Not everybody though won the sort of things one could off-load as Christmas presents, Mrs. MICHAEL INCHBALD for instance did no better than four diminutive cans of beer. And Mr. NUBAR GULBENKIAN can hardly hope that his brace of pheasants will keep long enough for giving away at the right time. But the ball was a huge success. After turning people away in their hundreds for several years the committee, headed by LADY ROTHERWICK, decided to take a gamble and moved the ball to the Great Room at Grosvenor House which they filled.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH was there and so were Mr. & Mrs. GEOFFREY KITCHEN, the COUNTESS OF DUNDONALD, Miss ANNE FABER, Mr. & Mrs. ANTONY NORMAN, Mr. & Mrs. NOEL CUNNINGHAM-REID, the HON. MRS. PARTRIDGE, Mrs. GRAHAM TURNER LAING, Miss CAMILLA POWELL, and LADY MARY FITZALAN-HOWARD whose guests filled two tables. REAR-ADMIRAL & Mrs. GEORGE ROSS who had also brought a number of friends are already in the midst of plans for St. Moritz where they spend most of January. The Admiral has been offered some free dancing lessons by a dancing academy ("they phoned up and said they discovered me by sticking a pin in the telephone book!") and he is thinking of learning the Madison as a way of getting fit for the slopes. For the first time at the

Red Cross Ball there were more dinner jackets than full evening dress, and the men looked happier as result. Word had gone round beforehand that the chairman's husband, Lord Rotherwick, had threatened to stay at home if he had to wear a stiff shirt.

FORTY YEARS OF RADIO

Gartered knights, bemedalled generals and heavily decorated diplomats twinkled in the opulent setting of Guildhall at the party the B.B.C. held to celebrate its 40th anniversary. Surrounded by pikemen and musketeers of the Honourable Artillery Company in their steel breastplates and red-plumed helmets, the Lord Mayor, SIR RALPH PERRING, & LADY PERRING shook hands with hundreds of guests whose names evoke memories of days when it was still one-upmanship to have a radio. And two-upmanship to be able to stop it from breaking down.

Joining in the celebrations were LORD REITH, a towering figure who even stood head and shoulders above the pikemen, & LADY REITH, DAME EDITH EVANS, Mr. & Mrs. CARLETON GREENE, SIR HARRY PILKINGTON of report fame who was having his hand warmly shaken by all the up-and-coming B.B.C. people, & LADY PILKINGTON, and Mr. & Mrs. EAMONN ANDREWS. There were no speeches, but dancing in the Livery Hall, a colour television demonstration in the Art Gallery and buffets everywhere with lots and lots of champagne.

TEN YEARS OF CHRISTIE

Playwright AGATHA CHRISTIE did 1,000 guests proud when she had a buffet supper followed by cabaret and dancing at the Savoy to celebrate the 10th anniversary of *The Mousetrap*. There was all the champagne guests could wish for and a birthday cake which was 10 ft. long and weighed half-a-ton.

"Silly, really isn't it, having this party," smiled the astounding Miss Christie as she toyed with her glass of iced water. "I don't really like parties, you know. If I were at home in Devon now I'd be in bed—well, not quite. I would be reading a book." It was 9.30 p.m. She told me that she does her writing when she can find "a bit of time." Some of her best plots take shape when she's busy at the kitchen sink.

Sitting on a sort of dais she was surrounded by her family, including a 19-year-old grandson, MATTHEW PRITCHARD, for whom she put the royalties from *The Mousetrap* on trust before showing the manuscript to anybody.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 657

He played cricket for Eton last year and is now up at Oxford.

Mr. HERBERT WILCOX and his wife ANNA NEAGLE, Mr. & Mrs. JOHN MILLS, SIR LEWIS CASSON and DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, Mr. & Mrs. WILFRID HYDE WHITE, Miss MARGARET LOCKWOOD, and Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE were all there to toast Miss Christie. As it was a largely theatrical party it was a Sunday party and—like the too few parties in London on Sunday—it was a great success. More than one and three-quarter million have gone to the Ambassadors to see *The Mousetrap*. Right now bookings are not being taken further ahead than next May for a very simple reason—the box office isn't big enough to hold all the tickets.

ENTRANCE IN OILS

What is it like having your portrait done? I was given some insight into this at the exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. "My husband was done a few years ago and the whole experience was perfectly appalling," said Mrs. SIMON WALDORF. "After sitting for five minutes the horse he was on bucked him off on to the gravel making a terrible mess of his white breeches." After a few subsequent arguments with the horse, who hated the idea of standing about on a cold day, the artist made Mr. Waldorf sit on the rocking horse in the nursery while he finished the painting. The conclusion to be drawn is that foxhunters should get painted *without* their horses. That is what Lt.-Col. H. R. NICHOLL, Master of the Haydon Foxhounds, did. His picture in the exhibition shows him standing against a formidable Northumberland wall.

The exhibition has a lot of very pretty women in it. One of the prettiest is Mrs. CHRISTOPHER POPE drawn by WILLIAM DRING, R.A. Also in the exhibition are the Hon. Mrs. JOHN GUEST done by ALFRED R. CLARKE, R.A., Mrs. JOHN HOLT by JESSE DALE CAST, and the COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH and her son by LUDMILLA TRAPP. The exhibition at 195 Piccadilly continues until December 20.

DATES FOR PARTIES

Private party plans for next year will be published in THE TATLER on 13 February, and particulars of them should reach this office by 20 January for inclusion in our list. We are not only interested in coming-out dances and cocktail parties, we would also like to hear of coming-of-age parties and celebrations in connection with wedding anniversaries. Details in writing, please; they will not be accepted over the telephone.

THE DOGS HAVE

The 90th Field Trial Meeting of the Labrador Retriever Club was held over Mr. E. H. B. Portman's Crowood estate, near Ramsbury in Wiltshire. The day's shooting provided a good bag for the host and five other guns



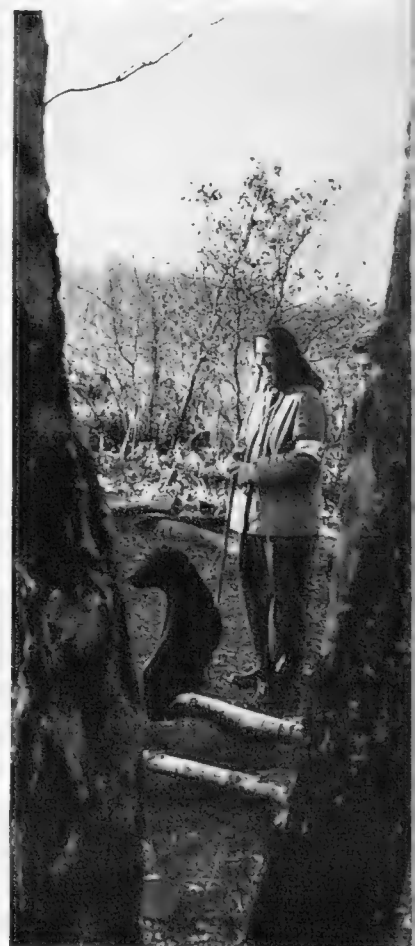
Mrs. E. H. B. Portman, wife of the host.
Top: Claire & Christopher Portman wave
goodbye to their father Mr. E. H. B. Portman



Mrs. Daphne Purbrick and one of the guns.
Top: Miss Sarah Radclyffe arrives with her
mother's Zelstone Danbury

THEIR (90th) DAY

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Miss Anne Hill-Wood, Mrs. M. L. Barrenger, Mrs. C. B. Venn and Miss Sarah Radclyffe in their trailer. Top: The Hon. Lady Hill-Wood, vice chairman of the Labrador Retriever Club

Above left: The host has his leggings pulled off. Above right: Miss Anne Hill-Wood. Top: Mrs. M. L. Barrenger watches her bitch Badgerland Dinah clear a fence

The Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt Ball held at Grafton Hall, Malpas, Cheshire, helped also to mark a change of tenancy. The hosts were Captain & Mrs. Peter Egerton-Warburton (right) and Miss Jane Egerton-Warburton (his sister) who left for Australia two days later, handing over the Hall to her brother who previously lived at Henley

THE NEW NEIGHBOURS



Miss Jane Egerton-Warburton. Top
Brig. Llewellyn Gwydyr-Jones, hon
secretary of the ball



Lady Stirling and Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, Bt., one of the joint-Masters of the hunt



Col. Sir Guy Lowther, Bt., a joint-Master, and Mrs. David Bateson



Sir Evelyn Broughton, Bt., and Mrs. Colin Rae

PLAY HOST FOR A BALL

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



The Countess of Carrick, Lady Woodall and Mr. Quentin Thomas



Mr. & Mrs. John Barlow. Top: Lady Broughton, Mr. Rae Cullimore and Sir Geoffrey Bates, Bt.



Mr. Patrick Bell, Miss Nicola Blundell-Brown, Mr. Richard Mather and the Hon. Victoria Lever



At the end of the ball a candlelit buffet of bacon & eggs awaited guests

COCKTAILS WITH ROSEANN

Admiral Sir Charles & Lady Madden gave a cocktail party for their daughter Roseann at the Hyde Park Hotel

Mrs. William Pilkington and Miss Tessa Codrington



Lady Clare Giffard and Miss Louise Clive had come on from a Red Cross meeting



Miss Amanda Heathcoat Amory and Viscount Jocelyn



Major John Madden and Viscountess Lambert



The Dowager Countess Jellicoe

Lady Madden, Miss Roseann Madden and Admiral Sir Charles Madden



I present this portrait of Killegar, my favourite mistress, taken from the flattering altitude of about 300 feet by one of those firms who will take aerial pictures, for really quite a low fee, of your castle, factory, semi-detached villa or mud hut. If you look carefully enough, you can also see *me*—standing proprietorially in front of the french windows, and facing the two long flower-beds which I've just planted with snapdragons.

Killegar was built by my great-great-grandfather, whose name was the same as mine—John Godley. He already had a smart establishment in Sackville Street, as O'Connell Street was then called, but decided on his father's death in 1806 that he would like a country residence, and happily chose what was probably the most perfect location in the 4,381 acres he'd inherited. (His father, who had been an impecunious clergyman, the Rector of Mullabrack, very cleverly married an heiress. My namesake was his third and youngest son; William had been disinherited and Alexander killed in action.) He started building in 1807—I wish I knew who was the architect—and completed it five years later, so I suppose I should be celebrating its 150th anniversary.

George III had then been officially off his rocker for rather more than a year, but the house, for all that, is much more Georgian than Regency, as I hope you can plainly see. Architectural styles, like everything else, were a decade or two late in reaching County Leitrim. As originally built, the front door was where the french windows are today; the coaches came driving up to it along what is now the garden path (and must then have been a good deal wider). A few decades later, the porch was added on the extreme right of the picture. Apart from this, Killegar is almost exactly as it was in 1812, even to the extent of having neither electricity nor central heating, though my father did somehow manage to put in two bathrooms and a telephone.

If you were to walk in through the french windows, you would find yourself in the saloon, which Pat and Jessica so cleverly painted pink-&-white two years ago; on your right would be the drawing-room (which has two windows) and, beyond it, the *little* drawing-room (one window). The dining-room and library

PORTRAIT OF MY LOVE

Lord Kilbracken

would be similarly on your left. The dining-room is never used: I greatly prefer the kitchen and it's so much easier. It's in the library—the end room on the left—that I've written, *inter alia*, about 40 per cent of the 146 articles which have appeared in these pages in the last three years.

Killegar was built on a slope; if you then went upstairs and round a couple of corners you would discover the back door there, apparently on the first floor. Beside the back door is the enormous stone-flagged kitchen, which is the best room in the house—and probably the most used. There are seven main bedrooms which all look out to the south-east across the terraced garden and a great sweep of sloping meadow to the two connected lakes, Kilnemar and Donaweale. Beyond are hilly woodlands, and beyond again, directly over

creepers on the house are (1) passion flower, (2) and (3) roses, (4) wistaria and jasmine intertwined, (5) and (6) honeysuckles, (7) wistaria, (8) *polygonum*—which reached the roof in two years, (9) rose, and (10) rose and Virginia creeper, intertwined. On the right you can see the beginning of two of my plantations. They are Sitka and Norway spruce, and are contriving to grow some 40 inches a year.

It's a pity those half-dozen slates were missing from the roof. (And I still haven't fixed them; *must* remember to do so—next month.) Fortunately, that's only the wood shed, which would be immediately to your left as you came out of the back door into the small inner yard with its whitewashed walls and cherry trees. From here you could go under that dark archway, only half-visible in the photograph, to the big cobbled yard at the back, with its range of out-offices (as they are curiously called), above which the formal pediment is amusingly repeated.

In the middle, under this second pediment, is the coach-house (now the garage), and to the right of this is the pump which perpetually provides spring water, if it's working, but is almost as important as the base or "home" when cocky-olly is being played. To the right again are the stables which I converted into a piggery and then into a calf-house. There are other farm buildings just out of the picture to the left.

So there she is for you: beautiful Killegar, happy Killegar, funny tumbling-down Killegar (the whole west wing is derelict), waiting to open her seductive arms to me if I can ever give her a month, or a week, or a weekend. In this house I once lived completely alone, but without ever being lonely, for half-a-year; and I *mean* alone—no servants or anything. From my dark London basement, which would fit quite comfortably into the kitchen at Killegar, I send this *billet-doux*: "Be patient, my love; bide your time. I have been faithful in my fashion. December is here and Christmas is coming: 'tis only a little while and my lips will be on yours again."

A selection of Lord Kilbracken's Tatler articles published over the last three years can now be read for the first time in book form. Shamrocks & Unicorns (the Godley coat of arms) is published by Putnam at 21s.



Donaweale, is the purple peak of Slieve Glagh, 12 miles to the eastward.

By special arrangement with the Almighty, there are almost always swans on Kilnemar, visible from your bedroom. *My* bedroom is the one in the middle, with the century-old wistaria looking in at its windows. Above these, in the centre of the pediment, is the rectangular space for the Godley escutcheon—three shamrocks *vert* and three unicorns *sable*—which nobody has yet put there. A long dead-straight corridor runs the whole length of the first floor; it is admirable for the game of pooter (a kind of indoor bowls, played with old tennis balls) on a rainy afternoon.

Reading from left to right, the





Twenty-seven years after his death Thomas Edward Lawrence appears again on the wide screen. The story of the scholarly archaeologist who became known as Lawrence of Arabia and a legend in his own lifetime has been written by Robert Bolt and filmed largely on location in Jordan where Lawrence led the 1916-18 revolt of the Arabs against Turkish domination. Peter O'Toole—Lawrence was Anglo-Irish—plays Lawrence and (*far left*) stands ready to give the signal to Bedouin raiders to charge a Turkish supply train he has just blown up. An umbrella is among the booty dragged from the train by Auda (Anthony Quinn, *left*). The Emir Faisal is played by Sir Alec Guinness (*above*), and other stiff upper lipped British actors include Jack Hawkins, Anthony Quayle and Sir Donald Wolfitt. *Lawrence of Arabia* will have its Royal premiere at the Leicester Square Odeon on 10 December for S.S.A.F.A. and the Save the Children Fund

REVOLT REBORN



LONDON IS THE CAPITAL OF THE MUSICAL WORLD; ITS CRITICS HAVE A REPUTATION FOR TOUGHNESS. WE NOW PRESENT HERE A CAVIL OF CRITICS

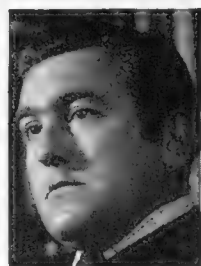
SIX IN NUMBER WHO WRITE UNDER DIFFERING CONDITIONS FOR DIFFERENT AUDIENCES. J. ROGER BAKER, WHOSE OWN CAVIL APPEARS ON PAGE 686, TALKS TO THEM ABOUT THE MUSICAL SCENE, THEIR OWN METHODS AND TASTES. JANE BOWN TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPHS



David Cairns (b. 1926); *Spectator* since 1958



Harold Rosenthal (b. 1917); Editor of *Opera* since 1953



Noel Goodwin (b. 1926); *Daily Express* since 1958



Peter Heyworth (b. 1921); *Observer* since 1955



Desmond Shawe-Taylor (b. 1907); *Sunday Times* since 1958



Peter Stadlen (b. 1910); *Daily Telegraph* since 1960

THE standard of musical journalism in this country is high and highly esteemed. But the critic is everybody's whipping post—perhaps in the musical world more than in any other. The monthly programme of the Festival Hall always includes a column that wittily juxtaposes various critics' reactions to the same concert. Thus a pianist *The Times* found "coping with technical difficulties with remarkable brilliance and ease" was dismissed by *The Daily Telegraph* as "competent but unexciting." Such pointless exposures worry the critics less than the public which seems to think that every man's paid opinion should be identical. Criticism is a very personal thing. David Cairns comments: "A critic who does not write from personal experience is valueless." "No one can like everything equally; it's a poor critic who does" is Desmond Shawe-Taylor's view. Noel Goodwin detects a certain tone of disenchantment in some writing, "which is not the sort of criticism that helps to make music part of daily life." Harold

Rosenthal feels that some critics start too young and that others write without thinking of the effect their words will have on a sensitive artist: "All criticism is good but it should be constructive."

Foreign artists are frequently heard complaining of the treatment they receive from the British press. There are various reasons for this, one being that London welcomes a tremendous range of foreign artists and they are accepted more as a matter of course than in cities abroad (almost every top-flight singer has appeared here within the last year; the list of conductors, composers and instrumentalists would be equally impressive). But Peter Heyworth points out that in Europe "the critics and the artists all know one another and criticisms are nicer." David Cairns goes farther and suggests that criticism abroad is "almost corrupt." English critics he adds "are severe, which is a good thing as artists get away with less," while Mr. Heyworth approves the detachment of London critics: "Their frank and uninhibited

opinion is healthy." This rise in critical standards stems from a similar rise in standards of performance. "London is now the capital of the musical world" comments Viennese-born Peter Stadlen. "The one weak spot is perhaps in conductors, but there are first rate soloists, string quartets and orchestras. And one no longer feels the need to go abroad to hear, say, Webern or Alban Berg." Harold Rosenthal would like to see opera houses in the provinces.

Despite these individual excellencies, the critics are slightly uneasy about the musical scene as a whole which more than one described to me as "unhealthy." The main cause for concern is the tremendous number of concerts given—too many impresarios vying with each other to make orchestras pay, and milking dry what Desmond Shawe-Taylor calls "the same old cow—Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov." Compared with the Continent and America (though it's done in a different way there) English orchestras are grossly under-subsidized; the result



is too many concerts, often under-rehearsed and overlapping in programme content. Desmond Shawe-Taylor feels "it would be more healthy to have just two outstanding series of concerts given by orchestras with enough subsidy to exist comfortably." Peter Heyworth points out that audiences are innately conservative: "We have a habit of standing back from music and making our judgments rather sensibly and well, but about 50 years too late. We let the creative moment go by. Stravinsky and Schoenberg were accepted on the Continent between the wars. We are pleased to accept them today and call them modern. At this moment we should be accepting the work of Boulez and Hans Werner Henze." Despite their outward differences there are certain basics on which the critics are agreed. Composers working now whose music they feel will still be popular a century hence are by common consent Britten and Stravinsky though David Cairns "would like to think Tippett." When faced with a new work

DAVID CAIRNS writes for people who are interested in the subject, but not necessarily from a technical point of view. "One must either use technical jargon properly or not at all. There should be no writing down to the reader, and one should give examples—too few critics do. I do like to think I may stimulate the occasional casual reader, but to attempt to adapt to a non-technical audience may mean losing readers rather than gaining them." Not being a nightly critic, Mr. Cairns is able to avoid boredom: "How the older critics go on I just don't know. I think one should perhaps retire early." Though he thinks a formal musical education is not necessary for the critic, physical contact with music is. He was trained as a singer and plays the

piano. A critic, he says, must have other important qualities as one of his major functions is "to be the watchdog of the composer as well, and one has a duty to him." For this reason, too, he is not over-keen to know artists. "They are far too sensitive and too much Green Room gossip can mean that sooner or later allowances can be made for everything." Some areas of music, he feels, are still beyond his knowledge and experience, but suggests his own blind spot comes across late romantic music. He would like to hear more chamber music in London, and his favourite works are Verdi's *Falstaff* and Haydn's *Quartet in F*, op. 77, No. 2. Most notable event this year: the London première of Tippett's opera *King Priam*.

they all agree on the importance of preliminary study—getting hold of a score and trying to assess the composer's intentions, attending a rehearsal whenever possible. Peter Heyworth

suggests the main difficulty here is one of perspective: "One never gets the right distance or relaxation . . . one tries too hard to see things immediately, not to miss such and such a point."

NOEL GOODWIN (right) writes for a wide audience with popular favourites. He also tries to widen the interest of the casual reader: "Great music should be part of everyone's life." He is one of the few critics of serious music who reviews jazz: "I am more interested in it as an art form than just as entertainment. My favourite group is the Modern Jazz Quartet." His notices are written to the deadlines of a national daily. "It is a

stimulus. Parkinson's law applies—the more time you have, the more time you take. My best notice was 300 words in 12 minutes." A man of catholic taste and wide enjoyment, Noel Goodwin admits to Handel, Schumann and Mendelssohn as blind spots and counteracts this by "being as objective as possible, recognizing merits and being sympathetic." If an assignment depresses him ("Butterfly bores me stiff"), he hopes the performance

will expunge preliminary doubts. Goodwin feels a formal musical education is essential: "After all, you are criticizing people with an immense amount of technical knowledge themselves." He plays the piano, learnt the euphonium at school. Would like to hear more American music played over here. Favourite music: *The Four Last Songs of Richard Strauss* as sung by Lisa della Casa. Event of the year: *Britten's War Requiem*



HAROLD ROSENTHAL writes for an audience that is interested from the start. He has, therefore, more freedom of expression than his colleagues on newspapers: there is no inhibition of writing over people's heads. He writes because he enjoys opera and wants to communicate as much of his enthusiasm as possible: "If I didn't enjoy it, I'd give it up." He admits to a sinking feeling when faced with his nth *Aida*, "but it is always exciting to hear new voices in

such an opera." His blind spot is Russian opera: "There are only about three I can take; I am not in sympathy with it." Though pleased with the general state of opera in England he would like to see some of Meyerbeer's works performed, more light Italian opera "and after *Poppea* at Glyndebourne, more Monteverdi." It is important, he says, that opera should be accessible to the general public, and it is in this light that he approaches a new work: "Opera

should be total theatre," he says and a recording, or an indifferent production, might reveal the music as inaccessible. A formal musical education is essential but one need not be an executant. "One can't write about singers without knowing their difficulties." He also feels that a critic can gain greater appreciation of performers if he knows them socially. Favourite music: *The Marriage of Figaro*. Operatic event of the year: *Vishnevskaya as Aida at Covent Garden*



PETER HEYWORTH (left in the picture below) writes for those for whom music is not the centre, but a definite part of their lives. Communication is important: "Writing down is intolerable, and it is bad manners to show off and demonstrate one's own knowledge. I will write about Schoenberg knowing that people aren't particularly interested, but the point is they jolly well ought to be." A weekly journalist, Mr. Heyworth

manages to avoid the boredom of hearing the same work many times, but is always pleased when something that seems boring "catches fire" and is heard with a new clarity. He is one of the critics who feel that there are too many concerts: "The orchestral scene is chaotic—too much modern music is written for the trade. But there are new works that have to be protected and nourished for a while." He would like to hear more Webern.

The relation between the critic and the creative mind is, he feels, very desirable, "but it usually ends in tears as sooner or later one has to record disappointment with a work and if the composer is a friend he takes it badly." Favourite music: Johann Strauss, neo-classical Stravinsky, Schubert. Blind spot: Palestrina—"that smooth counterpoint drives me mad." Event of the year: Stravinsky conducting *Persephone*



DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR (right in the picture above) succeeded the late Ernest Newman on *The Sunday Times* in 1958 and inherited a ready-made audience for music criticism.

He tries to avoid the sort of technicalities that demand reference books and aims at "the educated reader who enjoys music." His own blind spot is that sort of music that includes spoken recitation, and though he admits to "a lurking feeling of boredom" when faced with certain works, "this is quickly

dissipated unless the performance itself is boring." Musical journalism today suffers, he feels, from lack of space which has had a "debilitating effect."

Shortage of space is often embarrassing "and gives a particularly bad impression when one has formed an unfavourable opinion of a work and has to dismiss it in a few words." The more a critic knows about music the better "but not necessarily getting degrees and things—some people have an ability for self-education." Of social contact with

artists he says "I am always pleased to meet the composer or artist whose work I admire, and avoid those I don't.

By standing aloof from the artists you are cut off from a very real source of knowledge and ideas." An expert on the human voice, he would like to see more French opera done in this country: "but it's unfashionable, of course." Favourite music: Schubert—in particular the slow movement of his C major string quartet. Most notable event of the year: Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*

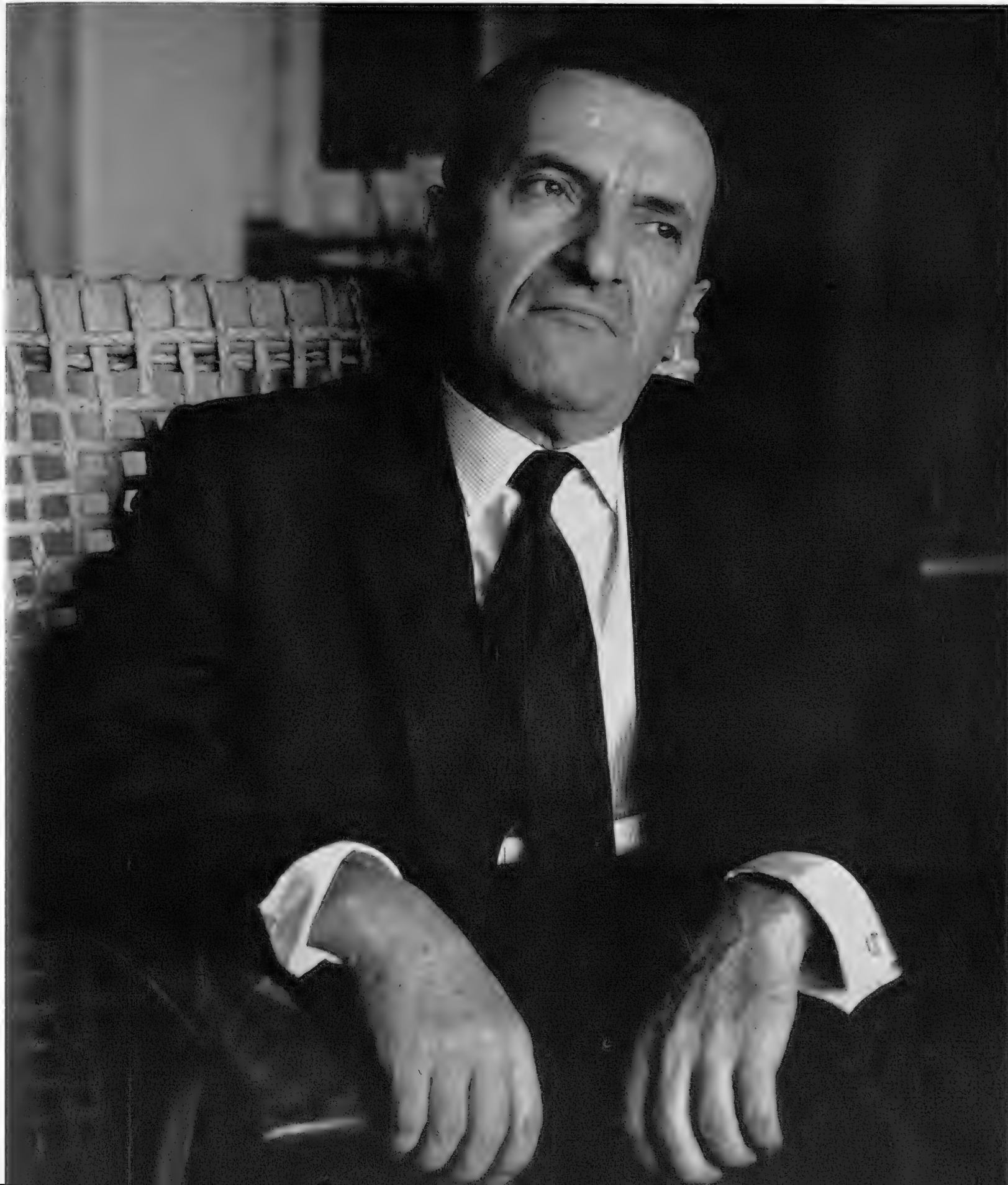
PETER STADLEN writes mainly for members of the musical profession who want to know how a certain performance went. To entice the casual reader is a minor function, but the main thrill does come from communicating one's own delight. "I feel humiliated when I have to record an inferior performance." Because Mr. Stadlen has spent the major part of his career to date as a concert pianist he doesn't know what it is like to

listen to music without a sharp awareness of the technical problems involved and of the artist's personal feelings.

"The time factor in writing can be annoying," he feels, "but if one had more time, one would still be pressed; the judgment would not be different, only the degree of penetration."

"There is a tremendous amount of responsibility attached to writing about another's life work." He finds it em-

barrassing to meet artists. "I see no point in it, I know their difficulties." Though Viennese by birth, Mr. Stadlen concedes that London is now the musical capital of the world with its "sense of adventure and musical curiosity." He would, however, like to hear more Stockhausen and pre-classical music performed. Favourite music: *The Radetzky March* and late Beethoven. Event of the year: Joan Sutherland's recital at the Albert Hall



THE IMPORTANCE OF LUBBING

BY DIANA GRAVES

B FROM MY EARLIEST childhood my mornings would be punctuated by an admonitory wail from a cortège of English nannies assuring me that

to laugh before seven augured tears before 11. These unctuous pronunciamientos struck me, even then, as ludicrous. I lived mostly in Latin countries where tears and laughter were synonymous. So, indeed, were cuffs and kisses. One took them as they came, though the kisses were more agreeable. It never entered my retarded mind that stiff upper lips were criteria of good behaviour; and if you study the matter closely, you will discover that this rigor of the upper lip is, physically, almost impossible. Try it and see. The fact is that for crying purposes every muscle in one's body is in action and if it's a question of depriving just one of them of its natural function, one might as well give up.

As a family we are inclined, anyway, to weep. Not just at weddings and funerals but willy-nilly. When I was about five, my mother would recite me the *Idylls Of The King*, and when she came to the Excalibur incident with the death of Arthur and the approach of the black barge with the three queens, she was invariably speechless with tears and would hand me the volume in order that I might finish the rest of the poem *à haute voix*. In a couple of stanzas I, too, would be convulsed with sorrow and, quite unable to utter another word, pass the book back to her. So we went on, mourning this ambiguous king until Tennyson decided to end the pitiful tale. This was how I was taught to read and later when I was sent to Miss Quebell's Kindergarten in Cairo I could never understand why it was so important to learn about the cat sitting on a mat, an arrangement which seemed to lack all sentiment, when reading should so clearly have been an emotional catharsis.

My mother would also sing me tunelessly to sleep with a series of doleful ballads—the most distressing of which was *The Maid Of The Mill*. I can no longer remember the gist of the story and still mix it up with “Call me early mother dear for I'm to be Queen of the May” but the refrain was the cry of “Do not forsake me, do not forsake me, do not forsake the Maid of the Mill,” which leads me to believe that the unfortunate girl had been left, so to speak, at the post, and committed suicide.

Whatever the song, I would cry myself comfortably to sleep and wake up refreshed and cheerful—until, of course, those Cassandra-like nannies spoilt everything by damming my matutinal laughter with their horrid prognostications.

Do not imagine for a moment that tears come easily only to the distaff side of my family. My father's relations are equal martyrs to blubbing and seldom refrain from crying when they see the Trooping the Colour. I remember a disastrous occasion when I was staying in Majorca with one of my uncles. It was a boiling, drowsy, bee-humming summer and in consequence the meat for our luncheon was not at all itself. We, eight of us (God knows we are prolific), had been bathing on the Playa and were far too hungry to notice any natural culinary disadvantages, except, that is, Tomàs, who was about four at the time and after one mouthful went entirely to pieces. He put his plate aside, tears cascading from his eyes, and refused either to eat or speak. In no time at all, the rest of us, infected by his despair, also started ululating like members of the Habima Players. Our tears had started out of sympathy, but developed into such a *weltschmerz* it was impossible to stem them. There we were, then, a-sobbing and a-sighing round the kitchen table when we were suddenly invaded by a bus-load of American pilgrims coming, for both solace and culture, to visit my uncle. They gave us one horrified look and, fearing a family bereavement, hurried back to the bus and were never seen again. This so distorted us with pleasure that we all fell into fits of uncontrollable laughter and ate the meat with no ill effects whatsoever.

The interesting point is that the following night my son got a mastoid and none of us cried. It was much too grave an occasion, necessitating telephoning for aeroplane reservations from the butcher's shop, cabling to English hospitals and calming his pain as far as was possible by the admixture of aspirins and—relying on the adage that music has therapeutic effects—playing day and night the only gramophone record we had at the time, which proved to be the *Nutcracker Suite*. It was only when he recovered, some weeks later, that we allowed ourselves the luxury of a few grateful tears.

And here, of course, comes the decision as to what tears to shed on what occasions. And who by? (Or, by whom, if you are sticklers for grammar.) Obviously tears for effect are absolutely un-okay and don't fool even a fool. Nor do drunken tears.

Apart from the exquisite boredom of the conversation which goes with them, everyone is aware that the salty waterfall which slops so incontinently from the eyes is due to nature disposing of an excess of liquid. Actors' tears are things apart. They overflow at the right moment during rehearsal and then repeat themselves Pavlov-wise in the course of public performances. An actor who cannot subjugate his tears, on the other hand, can no longer move an audience and should be severely dealt with by the producer. Audibly to lament one's illnesses or an inability to pay the electricity bill and other such minor disasters bring nothing but alarm and despondency to one's friends and cause them to drop away like overfed leeches.

Tears of love are admirable. Those of self-pity don't do at all. I am not sure about tears of compassion. They may well be a form of self-indulgence and frighten the recipient out of his wits. Tears of rage or the knowledge that one is misunderstood are perfectly permissible; they stem, after all, from the inability to express oneself in a reasonable way. So, too, are those worrisome, guilty ones the Americans and Germans indulge in so freely; they are only suffering from *angst* and deserve a slightly wondering pity. To the Russians, a few heartfelt sobs are tremendous fun though often misunderstood by the English. The Irish seldom cry; it would interfere, entirely, with their passion for words. The Latin races, presupposing they are conscious at all that they are weeping, can generally blame their lack of control on the elements. A mistral or a sirocco, are, indeed, excuses for almost anything, including murder. The Englishman is unpredictable. He will go to pieces at the sacking of a maid as easily as he will over the rendering of *The Magic Flute* or a sentimental ballad.

The fact is that tears are endemic to all of us. I personally, unable as I am to discipline a single duct in my eyes, take comfort from the first Elizabethans and the Victorians, too, now I come to think of it, who wept unrestrainedly at the slightest provocation. Not only that; crying, apart from its psychological effects, may well benefit mankind. My Balearic uncle assures me, for instance, that tears are the best sterilizers going and should be kept unostentatiously in a lachrymal bottle about one's person in order to anoint any cuts and bruises one might sustain. I wish I had known this in my early youth. Those stiff-upperlipped nannies would have looked appalling fools.



This season's innovation for the social whirl: the lean, slinky look, in a sheath skirt slashed to near the knee in milky crêpe. Sleeveless jerkin with roll collar in black and white giraffe-stencilled kid. To order from Maggi Shepherd, Woollands. Cabochon emerald and diamond bracelet set in gold with matching ring. Arthur King at Fortnum & Mason. Bracelet, £1,602. Ring, £365

WINTER WHITE

Luxurious late autumn fashions crisp and astringent as the season's first fall of snow—chosen by Elizabeth Dickson and photographed by Vic Singh



Given a sweeping staircase, this is the dress that promises the grandest entrance of any evening. In satin, white as birthday icing, with a slender skirt slit to the knees in front and with smaller slits at the back to form a short train. Chandelier crystal beading on the bodice and candy-box bow on the cummerbund. Dress, matching stole and jewellery all by Christian Dior-London. Fortnum & Mason, Samuels, Manchester



Moonlight appearance of water-lily white, here, as a sophisticated evening dress draped in finely pleated nylon jersey. Translated from the French are the rhinestone etching on a deep décolletage with more rhinestones on the little bow at the waist, and the triangular stole trimmed with fluffy ostrich feathers. Koupy, about 51 gns. Diana Warren, New Bond Street, W.1, County Clothes, Cheltenham, Ella Stewart, Edinburgh



Opposite: sparkling approach to little evenings by way of a lissom suit in white jersey sparkling with silver thread, the skirt taut, the classical jacket with heavier silver thread braiding, Garlaine Tricosa, about 26 gns. Anne Gerrard, Bruton Street; Adrien, Wolverhampton; Jane Jones, Sunderland. Pearl bracelet caught with a turquoise-studded barbaric clasp, Liberty

Pristine wool frieze shift to wear from early morning appointments through to late night drinks, according to change of purse and jewels. Stitching round the neck and on two hip pockets, long clinging sleeves and whisper of a flare in the skirt. Kiki Byrne, S.W.3. 19½ gns. Clip with sugar pink stones in gilt, Liberty. Large black crocodile handbag, Charles Jourdan

What to wear to capture the job as a perfect secretary.

Slip of an office dress in worsted with collarless neckline and elbow length sleeves; only adornment, the tobacco leather bow defining the waist. London Town, 12 gns. Harrods; Diana Warren, Blackpool; Jill Russell, Camberley. Bonus brooch is a coral branch studded with pearls and diamonds set in gold, worn with matching ring. Arthur King at Fortnum & Mason. Brooch, £300.



Middy suit for around town. The skirt, a flurry of narrow pleats, is mounted on a camisole bodice; the top is cut to hip-length. Looking forward to next spring: the emphasis of navy leather for collar and sash. Nettie Vogues, 16 gns. Fifth Avenue, Regent Street; Huntbach & Co., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent; Miss Stewart, Harrogate. Leather handbag, Hermès

Young, go-anywhere suit is collarless, has a double-breasted jacket with a bamboo-slim skirt in Irish tweed; sharp colour added for the mustard tweed lining of the scarf. Strelitz, 14½ gns. Harrods; Rackhams, Birmingham; Affleck & Brown, Manchester. Elongated black leather purse, Charles Jourdan. Topaz and pearl pin set in gilt, Liberty. Suede gloves, Dent Allcroft

Opposite: shift silhouette in fine, natty knit, both sleeveless and collarless with a tie-belt to wear where you please. Small patch pockets and a discriminating scatter of jet black buttons. Jane & Jane, 8 gns. Harrods; Chanelle branches; Number Eleven, Weybridge. Topaz pin, Liberty





Face-framing
near-white tweed
travel coat to wrap
around a country
suit has full loose
sleeves and
horizontal seaming
glamorous white
Kohinoor musquash
collar. Berg of
Mayfair. 87 gns.,
61 Park Lane,
Elizabeth Hinton,
Brighton, Defty,
Sunderland. Coral
and diamond ring
and matching
ear-rings set in gold.
Arthur King at
Fortnum & Mason.
Ring, £140.
Ear-rings, £88



This bar houses on one spot everything that goes into a glass. The refrigerated half keeps everything chilly, the storage section keeps things tidy. Available with or without the storage bit and enclosed in a teak shell with teak doors. £97 5s. or £74 respectively from Intercraft Designs, Berkeley Square. Designed by Count Bernadotte & Acton Bjorn for Atlas.

One to the bar is Venini's striped tumbler, good for whisky drinking: 31s. at General Trading Company.

Two to the bar is Scandia's Wengé wood insulating bucket that matches the teak cabinet: £5 12s. 6d. at Oscar Woollens.

Three to the bar is the Bartender by



Wusthof that does everything from snipping champagne wires to cracking nuts: £3 13s. 6d. at Stewart Marriot, Truro.

Four to the bar is Kosta's square-looking heavy crystal decanter: £8 at

the Continental Glass Shop. Imported by Finmar

Five to the bar is the glass that everything looks good in: an Old English rummer (choose the oldest ones that are broken off at the base).

Portmeirion Shop has some (around 30s.) and there are always some somewhere in the Portobello Road market. They are very collectable because they are built on the same goblet shape with a big blob of glass in the base.

Drink something traditional in them against the cold—like grog, a mixture of rum and spice heated together.

Six to the bar is the soda syphon like a towering triangle of smooth gold or silver which works off Sparklets. 12 gns. in gold, 10 in silver at the General Trading Company.

Seven to the bar is a sage green glass mug by Iittala for anything that's too hot to hold: 15s. 6d. at Designs of Scandinavia. Inside: silver swizzle stick or straw, strawberry-headed: 1½ gns. at Dior Boutique.

Eight to the bar is the fastest de-corker from Sparklets, the Corkmaster: A harmless bubble of gas is injected through the cork, and presto: 36s. 9d.

eight to the bar

VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

POLICY FOR MURDER DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE
(DERMOT WALSH, JOHN SLATER, RONALD ADAM,
HEATHER CHASEN)

To wit, who's who?

ANYONE WHO HAS CLAIMED MONEY FOR SOME lost valuable from an insurance company will know that feeling, for which bafflement is a mild word, when the firm's investigators question one about the circumstances of the loss. Sometimes there is even an inexplicable feeling of guilt, and at best one is a long way from the ideal mood of mutual confidence. Insurance people, I suppose, have to cultivate this Scrooge-like side of their corporate natures because they are obvious marks for swindlers, as in this bright play of Mr. Popplewell's, where a husband and wife plan to realize a £50,000 life insurance without going through the preliminaries of dying.

There will, of course, have to be a corpse, insurance companies being sticklers for detail, and some people may think that murder is going a trifle far even in the neatest of frauds, but Mr. and Mrs. Miller, the plotters in question, accept this eventuality and Mr. Miller, suavely and even gaily played by Mr. Dermot Walsh, picks on his victim. His wife, in the elegant shape of Miss Heather Chasen, has her doubts and these will eventually alter the course of the play, but she agrees in principle and things begin to move.

Up to this moment the play has been progressing fairly slowly; now it begins to pick up speed and interest. In the course of three acts the plot is given three decisive twists—and one more for luck. The result, to the playgoer, is an evening of surprises, which is just as it should be with a whodunit. For not only the identity of the corpse but, after a while, of the murderer himself or herself is in doubt, and the audience must do its own puzzling and guessing. At first, matters seem fairly clear cut. The remains of a dead man are found in a burned out summer house and identified by Mrs. Miller as her husband's. She then claims the money on his policy, the inquest having concluded smoothly and, from her point of view, satisfactorily. But it is here that the conspiracy begins to gang ever so slightly agley. A Mr. Morrison from the insurance firm starts to prowl about asking questions, his head office having the usual qualms about parting with so much solid money, and discovers certain discrepancies. His inquiries are phrased provocatively, by intent, and his chief target is pretty Mrs. Miller. He harries her remorselessly and uses the same

barking abrupt tactics on a flighty girl friend of hers, on Miller's theatrical agent and friend, and on the victim and/or suspect who throws everybody's calculations out by turning up in good shape physically but very, very angry.

As the far-from-credulous sleuth, Mr. John Slater gives the best performance in the play: deadpan and visibly dyspeptic, he swallows his pills and shoots his questions without the turning of a single smooth hair. He also speaks the best line of the play when, in answer to an understandably anxious query about the object of his inquiries, he says: "Oh, that's an easy one to answer. Whoever it is who killed whoever it is who's dead." The insouciance of his manner is exactly right at this point. It underlines the complexity (as distinct from confusion) of the plot, and places him as the inscrutable searcher for truth which neither the City nor Scotland Yard can always produce at a moment's notice.

The planning of the swindle has been clear, and explicitly conducted in the audience's sight and hearing. From the moment of the death we are, however, left on our own as far as guessing and speculation go, while Mr. Popplewell retires, with what one can only suppose to be a Machiavellian chuckle, behind the scenes to do some more manipulating. One of the unusual aspects of this unpretentious but admirably constructed play is that after a



ALEXANDER LOW

Their first first-night. Novelist of adolescence Edna O'Brien (left) author of the play, *A Cheap Bunch of Nice Flowers* recently at the Arts Theatre. Film star Susannah Yorke (right) made her first West End stage appearance in this play as a young girl overshadowed by her career-hungry mother, and their subsequent duel to the death

tolerably good first act, with all the ground-work laid, the second act is far better and the third a more than competent finale to both. Any seasoned playgoer will tell you that good first acts are, in transatlantic idiom, a dime a dozen, and that the playwright's work grows increasingly hard from that point. Here is a writer for the stage who has known how to reverse the process—and good theatrical luck to him!

In the course of the play the thot plickens,

as my old friend, Lieutenant Bones, used to say, but it never thickens or plickens to a soup-like density and, on reflection, each of the clues is as well and truly laid as an official foundation stone. It is, in fact, anybody's guess as to who made away with whose body and the *motif* of improvisation, so carefully planted and nurtured in the first half-hour of the play, gives a fresh and original flavour to one of the best whodunits of the season.

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY DIRECTOR LEWIS MILESTONE (TREVOR HOWARD, MARLON BRANDO, RICHARD HARRIS, TARITA) **GIGOT** DIRECTOR GENE KELLY (JACKIE GLEASON, KATHERINE KATH, DIANE GARDNER, GABRIELLE DORZIAT, JACQUES MARIN)

Brando's burglary

WHATEVER YOU MAY FEEL ABOUT MR. MARLON Brando's performance as Fletcher Christian in *Mutiny On The Bounty*, you will, I think, have to admit that he has pulled off a piece of picture-stealing every bit as barefaced as the theft of the Goya Duke of Wellington. From the moment he comes aboard H.M.S. *Bounty*, foppishly dressed in the height of civilian fashion and with a brace of titled ladies in tow, Mr. Brando consciously dominates the screen—giving an assured display of one-upmanship that is quite riveting, in a revolting kind of way.

He is justified by the snobbish script in regarding the well-born Mr. Christian as a superior being, a man apart: I only wish he had not given me the unfortunate (and possibly erroneous) impression that he takes a similar view of himself. In my opinion the film suffers from Mr. Brando's determination to play for laughs (laughter jars in this essentially grim story of a ship's captain who rules by fear and a crew cowed by frequent floggings and the occasional keel-hauling) but if the actor was out to demonstrate that the part is greater than the whole, he has certainly triumphed.

Mr. Trevor Howard gives a fine, gritty performance as Captain Bligh, the ambitious bourgeois inclined to harshness and needled into ferocity by the studied insolence of his first officer, Mr. Christian, whose air of condescension he finds insufferable. The *Bounty*, Bligh's first command, is bound for Tahiti to collect breadfruit plants for transportation to Jamaica where they are to provide food for the starving natives.

Bligh is proud of his ship and his mission, for both of which Mr. Christian shows nothing but contempt: "A 91-foot chamber-

pot on a grocer's errand," he says loftily in a dandified, too-too English upper-class accent—enough in itself to drive the Captain up the bulkhead. Bligh takes out his irritation on the crew (as those who enjoy floggings will be charmed to hear) and risks all their lives in an exasperated attempt to shorten the voyage by taking his vessel round Cape Horn.

Beaten back by tremendous storms (these scenes are impressive), Bligh is forced to take the prescribed route (via the Cape of Good Hope) and eventually the *Bounty* arrives at Tahiti—for a stay of four months. Enter hula-hula girls by the thousand—all wagging their wanton hips at the delighted sailors, who have never had it so good. I found the prolonged island junketings a bit of a bore and thought the scriptwriter's little joke which enables Christian to score heavily off Bligh a trifle unseemly. I was relieved when we put to sea again: after all, it was the mutiny I had come for.

It occurs when Mr. Christian disobeys orders and gives a thirst-maddened seaman a pannikin of the water that Bligh (by now an entirely inhuman monster) has ruled shall be reserved for the wilting breadfruit plants. Bligh kicks out at him and is instantly felled to the deck by Christian who, enthusiastically backed by the rougher members of the crew, then takes command of the ship. With 18 men who remain loyal to their Captain, Bligh is set adrift in a small open boat—and while he is performing the incredible feat of sailing this cockleshell 3,618 miles to the Dutch East Indies (the film passes over this fabulous achievement completely) the mutineers take the *Bounty* back to Tahiti.

They cannot stay there to be hunted down by the Navy, as they will be as soon as their crime is reported—so they take refuge on Pitcairn, an island conveniently mischarted by the Admiralty and therefore comparatively safe. Here Mr. Christian begins to brood. Cut off by his own hand from England, home and beauty, he ceases to be merely high-toned and becomes high-minded—urging the men to do the honourable thing: to return with him to London, face a court martial and take the consequences of their action.

As the only consequence the men can

visualize is a hanging apiece, they do not warm to the idea—and to prevent Mr. Christian from doing anything foolish, they set fire to the *Bounty*. In a gallant effort to retrieve from the *Bounty* the sextant (without which nobody will ever be able to leave Pitcairn) Mr. Christian is severely burnt and as the blazing vessel slowly goes down he breathes his last—in a lingering death-bed scene of the kind usually only encountered in opera.

There seems to have been some disunity of purpose between the two directors who worked on the film—Sir Carol Reed (whose name is not included in the "credits") and Mr. Lewis Milestone—for the sniggering quality of the comedy relief ill accords with the sadism of the flogging and keel-hauling scenes, and the relentless realism of the great storm sequences does not jibe with the travel-brochure pretty-pretty of the Hollywood high-jinks on Tahiti.

On one point, however, everybody—including Mr. Charles Lederer, the scriptwriter—appears to have been agreed: the mutiny on the *Bounty* was really an instance of class-warfare—and all the trouble arose from the simple and deplorable fact that Captain Bligh was no gentleman. Well, neow, as Mr. Brando would say, that's demned interesting—but it does tend to reduce a rugged episode in maritime history to what he describes as "a naice adventure."

Mr. Jackie Gleason (the splendidly imperturbable champion pool-player in *The Hustler*, you remember?) is unaccountably billed as "The World's Greatest Comedian" on the strength, presumably, of his performance in the title-rôle of *Gigot*—a film for which he personally wrote the script and the music and has therefore only himself to blame. (Critic thinks: Maybe he wrote the advertising, too?)

Gigot, a poor fat slob of a Montmartre janitor, is a mute. (Let's thank Heaven for small mercies: if he hadn't been we'd have had even more of the maddening dialogue—all in broken English.) His disability makes him the darling of little girls and dumb animals—and the butt of heartless wags. If the sentimentality in this interminable piece doesn't sicken you, the brutalities (at which you're meant to laugh) probably will

BOOKS

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

PALACES & PROGRESSES OF ELIZABETH I BY IAN DUNLOP (CAPE, 38s.) **CREDOS & CURIOS** BY JAMES THURBER (HAMISH HAMILTON, 18s.) **A TIME FROM THE WORLD** BY ROWENA FARRE (HUTCHINSON, 18s.) **SHAMROCKS & UNICORNS** BY LORD KILBRACKEN (PUTNAM, 21s.) **CLOSE OF PLAY** BY SIMON RAVEN (BLOND, 18s.) **A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF INVENTIONS** BY UMBERTO ECO & G. B. ZORZOLI (WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 4 gns.) **BRAKE-PEDAL DOWN** BY JOHN BRATBY (HUTCHINSON, 30s.) **THE TALE OF BEATRIX POTTER** (3s. 6d.) **MAX** (4s. 6d.) PENGUIN

Forget whisky, roses, Renoir . .

WHEN MAKING THE TERRIBLE DECISION ABOUT Christmas presents, never forget that a bottle of whisky already half-empty looks

suspicious; two dozen red roses often travel in a cellophane coffin that doesn't allow the donor so much as a sniff; and a genuine hand-painted Renoir can be enjoyed only as long as you remain a preferred dinner-guest. But whoever gives a book is certainly entitled to the happiness of reading it first—and if, when it comes to the point, you can't bear to pass it on, there's always a book token or a subscription to a good library you can dash out for at the last minute. Here my present-advice begins and ends.

One of the most informative, deliciously rocco and pleasure-giving books for months is *Palaces & Progresses of Elizabeth I* by Ian Dunlop. At the beginning of July when town life became unhealthy and uncomfortable, Elizabeth was in the habit of shutting up her London palaces and trundling round England, filling the people's hearts with love and devotion and the hearts of her hosts with a sort of quiet despair borne of the prospect of

immediate bankruptcy and the necessity for rebuilding their houses on the instant if Her Majesty found them lacking. The book is full of the most enchanting detailed information, and who is not the happier for knowing that, for the theatrical performances at Hampton Court, the Clerk Comptroller (he magnificently signed himself Edwardum Buggyn) provided long white beards at 20 pence each, "bumbast" for snowballs, and rosewater to scent the snowballs presented to the Queen by Janus, and that the Queen "danced the Spanish Panic to a whistle and tabor"?

Credos & Curios is a collection of last pieces from my hero and particular treasure, the late James Thurber. On the jacket, Thurber, glass in hand and arms flailing, harangues a somnolent group of three sleeping men, one sleeping dog, a sleeping picture and a sleeping bust and a lady who has dropped off while leaning against the wall. It is called simply "Thurber and his Circle," and I love it. There are also rather

splendid essays on Scott Fitzgerald, George Kaufman and Mr. Benchley, and a movingly sad piece called "The Future, If Any, of Comedy or, Where Do We Non-Go From Here?"

Briefly . . . Rowena Farre's **A Time From the World** is an account, somehow faintly self-regarding and selfconscious, of the author's travels with gypsies, with much recorded dialogues, a lot of which sounded to me most curiously stilted, and some cross observations on cruel journalists who pestered her after *Seal Morning*. . . . **Shamrocks & Unicorns** is a collection of John Kilbracken's weekly pieces for *The Tatler*, cheerful, far-flung and undefeated, and ranging with poise and calm between travel, horses, cheese-exporting, cricket, skiing, and the Paris Collections. . . . **Close of Play** is what will undoubtedly be known as The

New Simon Raven, and very dismal indeed it seems to me—an awful sweet-sherry-trifle concocted from exhibition-sex, a prep school, cricket, and a lady who gets munched up by vultures. Everyone is thoroughly disagreeable, and no doubt Mr. Raven is at heart as much of a moralist as everyone says he is, but what comes over is merely the spectacle of an intelligent writer titillating his lending-library readers with material he must himself despise. . . .

A Pictorial History of Inventions by Umberto Eco & G. B. Zorzoli, translated by Anthony Lawrence, is an enchanting book that starts with flint-stones and finishes with Gagarin, thickly and amusingly illustrated. . . . **Brake-Pedal Down**, by John Bratby, is another of those mammoth sprawling, monumentally ungraceful

novels in which Mr. Bratby specializes, to me very ugly in form and content but quite possibly a nice soothing form of therapy for the author. . . .

Lastly, anyone stuck for Christmas cards might give a thought to the notion of sending a paperback instead. I'd be particularly happy with a couple of new Penguins—Margaret Lane's marvellous biography of Peter Rabbit's strange and fierce-tempered creator, **The Tale of Beatrix Potter**; and **Max**, the life-story of Giovanetti's intoxicating hamster, so irresistible and persuasive that when he first appeared on the scene and the rage for hamsters became a universal obsession, you could hear people solemnly warning each other that just any old hamster from the pet shop round the corner couldn't honestly be expected to shave with an electric razor.



THE BIGGEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD

With the televising tomorrow night of *Heart to Heart*, a Terence Rattigan play starring Sir Ralph Richardson and Kenneth More, a new era of drama-on-the-air will start, for the same play will be broadcast simultaneously by the other 12 members of the European Broadcasting Union in their own languages and with native casts. The play's central figures are a hardboiled television interviewer, and a vulnerable politician he finds at his mercy. Producer Alvin Rakoff is seen (left) with Mr. Rattigan watching a rehearsal on the monitors. Below left: Angela Baddeley in the part of the threatened politician's ex-secretary. Below right: Sir Ralph Richardson and Kenneth More discussing the script. Next plays in the series are expected to be by playwrights Diego Fabbri (Italy) and Fritz Hochwalder (Austria)



RECORDS GERALD LASCCELLES

BIG CHIEF AND **AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD** BY JUNIOR MANCE **HIGH PRESSURE** BY RED GARLAND **HUSH** BY DUKE PEARSON **THE SOUNDS OF JIMMY SMITH**; **RALPH SUTTON/JESS STACY**; **IN THE BEGINNING** BY NAT KING COLE **HOLLYWOOD AT MIDNIGHT** BY ANDRÉ PREVIN **FIORIELLO** BY OSCAR PETERSON **VERY TALL** BY OSCAR PETERSON/MILT JACKSON **DREAMSTREET** BY ERROLL GARNER

Keyboard capers

A BRIGHT STAR ON THE CHRISTMAS JAZZ SCENE is that up and coming pianist Junior Mance, with two soulful and groovy albums on Jazzland. **Big Chief** (JLP953) displays his delicacy and uncanny control of tempo and mood, whereas his live performance **At The Village Vanguard** (JLP41) catches him in more boisterous and highly swinging mood. Both reveal a technique and degree of individuality which are rapidly taking him to the top of his profession.

The contrast which Red Garland's more energetic style provides at the keyboard is best summed up by his album title **High Pressure** (32-166). He is backed by two accomplished modernists, trumpeter Donald Byrd and tenorist John Coltrane, both of whom are content to allow the proceedings to develop into a blowing session. Its 1957 origin suggests that Coltrane was still playing in a tolerably listenable

fashion, while Donald Byrd displays the warmest tone of any modern-style trumpeter today. Byrd makes an equally interesting contribution to newcomer Duke Pearson's piano-led quintet in **Jazzline's** first album to be released here, **Hush** (JAZ3302). A few moments' listening will convince the most sceptical listener that this is not the operative mood of the session; soul prevails from start to finish, except in the delectable *Child's Play*, which blends bop with the overtones of a circus parade.

The Hammond organ may not be to everyone's taste, but the masterful **Sounds of Jimmy Smith** (BLP1556) opens new horizons on this technically exacting instrument, and proves once again Smith's outstanding ability. He illustrates the vast range of the electronic organ by the simple medium of varying the vibrato, but it is essentially his rhythmic technique which excites and intrigues me most.

Perhaps some of this music could be regarded as "too far out" for the festive season, so I will turn back a few years to the Waller-esque jazz by Ralph Sutton, a "stride" pianist who swings like nobody's business, and captures the joy and exhilaration of the old Harlem style. The reverse of this album (AH39) features veteran pianist Jess Stacy, a much neglected soloist of the vintage Chicago years, who fell more under the spell of Hines than Waller.

The past also holds strong ties for a pianist who first started recording with a trio in 1941—Nat Cole. Once again the Hines

influence can be heard in this delightful album, **In the Beginning** (AH38), which resounds to the fast-moving patterns set up by the trio. Nat's famous version of *Sweet Lorraine* is included, and Oscar Moore supports him throughout with a firmly swinging guitar line.

The progressive build-up of an André Previn piano solo lays bare both the rhythmic and harmonic potentials of most tunes, and the well-worn themes he has chosen in **Hollywood At Midnight** (AH37) are no exceptions. His technical exactitude is possibly only matched by Oscar Peterson, who enters the lists with a fairly conventional selection from **Fiorello** (CLP 1485) and a more tricky excursion with Milt Jackson called **Very Tall** (SVLP9002). This succeeds partly by its boldness in featuring two highly individual soloists in the closest possible grouping. The memorable track from the session is *John Brown's Body*, which exposes both Oscar and Milt to the most tantalizing frustrations, and simultaneously provides them with the freedom of expression which seems not always to be within their reach. A paradox that must be heard to be appreciated.

I am disappointed that the month has not seen the release of a new album by Erroll Garner, surely the best of the jazz tune-smiths. I shall have to content myself with replaying his summer release, **Dreamstreet** (BBL7523), which displays such timeless impressionism and rhythmic ecstasy that I dare not think what he may have in store for the future.

GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

MICHAEL AYRTON MATTHIESEN GALLERY

Dishing the critics

THE DIFFICULTY ABOUT REVIEWING AN EXHIBITION of Michael Ayrton's work is that Mr. Ayrton has usually said, and said brilliantly, all there is to say about it long before the critic can get a look in. During the past six years, in which he has interpreted the legend of Daedalus and Icarus in terms of painting, drawing, sculpture, prose and poetry, he has conducted us on his flights of imagination with a dazzling flow of written and broadcast words.

Now that heroic labour is at an end, but his latest work, at least in sculpture and drawing, is again concerned with antique legend. He has three new subjects—the *Sentinel*, the *Minotaur* and the *Oracle*—which are "related to the Icarus theme, but not central to it". Several bronze or drawn versions of each of these are included in the show at Matthiesen's, the opening of which coincides with the publication of a book, **Michael Ayrton: Drawings & Sculpture** (Cory, Adams & Mackay, 42s.), in which, once again, he reveals all and so deprives the critic of the space-filling luxury of misunderstanding.

The *Sentinels*, he tells us, are derived from Talos, the armed guardian of Crete, who was made of bronze—"he has no brains and no arms, but looks very powerful". The *Minotaur* is "a brainless, bewildered crea-

ture... a monstrous sacrifice, powerful and yet helpless". The *Oracle*—she is derived from the Cumaean Sybil and the Pythian Oracle—"breathes the fumes of drugging leaves and does not understand what she says when she speaks".

All three are, for Ayrton, relevant to what is going on in the world today and his imagery is plain. The headless, puffed-up or hollow bronze *Sentinels* are the military powers; the *Minotaur* is the helpless mass of the world's people who believe the modern Talos can defend them; the *Oracle* is (unless I have misunderstood) the embodiment of all our modern prophets, false and otherwise, whose advice is never fully understood until it is too late either to heed or ignore it.

Last year, when Ayrton showed both paintings and sculpture related to the Icarus theme in this same gallery, I formed the opinion that he is primarily a sculptor. This opinion is confirmed by the present exhibition in which, though there are no paintings, there are several drawings of the sort of which he once wrote: "*There are times when one's drawings, coming out of the paper [and how his drawings do 'come out of the paper'] insist on becoming sculpture, at the next stage, rather than painting.*"

Those critics who deprecate the apparent necessity for a "literary" basis to his inspiration are answered by C. P. Snow who, in a foreword to the new book, writes:

"... a man like Ayrton isn't committed to art with a part of himself. He doesn't leave his scientific insight, his political passion, behind him, like so many party accomplishments which may come in useful

when he has finished work for the day and is sitting down comfortably after dinner. They are part of the art itself. Any artist who is any good has to throw in all he has."

Ayrton has plenty to throw in. He is a committed artist constantly aware of the human plight from which the fashionable painters of today escape to their febrile "expressionism" and futile "abstraction". His return to the Greeks is not a sentimental journey; he looks at them with the penetrating eye of the present. His method is frankly didactic. He creates his images and then tells us what they "mean" so that we are left without any doubt about his ideas. Like Brecht in the theatre, he makes damn sure we get the message—and get it right.

But (and this is what sets him apart from, and way above, the socialist-realist, anecdotal, propaganda and "literary" artists) approach almost any piece of his sculpture without any knowledge of his intentions, theories or source of inspiration, and it will "speak" to you in its own language, the language of sculpture. What it says to each individual will vary and may have little resemblance to what he wants it to say, but it will speak with force to all but the mentally blind. In fact I believe it will speak initially with greater force, have a more vital initial impact and arouse more varied sensations, in those without knowledge of its author's intentions. That can come later.

In other words, I should have preferred you to look at the *Sentinels*, the *Oracles* and the *Minotaurs* and let your imagination have its fling before reading this column!

OPERA

J. ROGER BAKER

LE COQ D'OR COVENT GARDEN (RERI GRIST, KENNETH MACDONALD, FORBES ROBINSON) **THE MIKADO** SADLER'S WELLS (JOHN HARGREAVES, MARION STUDHOLME, DAVID HILLMAN)

The Oriental touch

IT MUST BE QUITE A HARD-BITTEN OPERA-GOER who can resist completely the allure of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq D'Or*. There are a number of points to cavil at in the production at Covent Garden, but there is an overall glamour in the music and production that I find enchanting. This was Rimsky's last opera and ran bang into censor troubles; maybe Tsarist Russia was extra sensitive to entertainments—however fantastic—that showed the dire results of Royal selfishness and unpreparedness. That is King Dodon's trouble, and he is such a fool that the magic cockerel that would warn him of danger finally kills him with a nasty peck on the head—through sheer impatience I've no doubt.

But the most important characters are an Astrologer who acts as a chorus and possibly represents a mystic power that pulls the strings of life; and the Queen of Shemakhan, a rather splendid beauty who lives in a tent on the battlefield and promptly seduces the King as he stumbles over the dead bodies of his sons.

Antal Dorati, making his debut in this house, conducted with an ear for the chromatic sensuousness of the score, for the Eastern cadences and Oriental lilt. He

missed, I felt, the sharp glitter of the processional music and also a necessary sense of urgency in the opening council scene. The orchestra played beautifully for him—I noted the snoozing strings as Dodon falls asleep—and the solo playing was excellent; the trumpet tune, and the parrot's song particularly. The erotic themes associated with the Queen made their effect even before the appearance of the remarkable Reri Grist in this role.

Miss Grist is a coloured soprano, also appearing for the first time at Covent Garden though she has appeared at Glyndebourne, with a high-lying voice, diamond sharp and well-controlled. Perhaps a more velvet tone would have been more appropriate for the seduction scene, but her unmistakable authority coupled with her sexy manner (exquisite arms and hands) made her interpretation fully convincing. Kenneth Macdonald was the Astrologer and clearly found no difficulty with the abnormally high tessitura of his role. A tenor who can get that notorious high E, and act wittily, is an asset Covent Garden should use carefully. Forbes Robinson seems to be specializing in Kings these days, and his sleepy, good-natured Dodon was always a pleasure.

Robert Helpmann produced, and though a noted dancer and choreographer himself, did nothing to make me abandon my plan to form an S.P.B.O. (Society for the Prevention of Ballet in Opera). This work in particular demands a close liaison between dancing and acting, but Mr. Helpmann seemed to confine himself to streams of dull young ladies rushing about. Loudon Saint-hill's costumes and sets are absolutely

right for a Russian fairy tale, combining a degree of stylization with barbaric and unlooked-for colours. My greatest cavil was the use of an English translation, made by James Gibson and Mr. Dorati who in a recent *Opera* magazine argues persuasively for the use of English. But all I could hear were trite couplets which completely missed the tone of both music and setting.

The audience that will flock to Sadler's Wells between now and Christmas for their production of *The Mikado* should be in a jolly mood, ready to forgive or overlook faults which would otherwise be insupportable. Of all the operas in the Savoy canon, this is the least appealing. Here the surface gaiety and wit that usually covers the pit of sadism and sheer bloodmindedness of Gilbert's inventions, wears particularly thin.

The cast seemed conscious of a certain reaching-down to deal with the distasteful material; but there were moments of good singing which almost redeemed the evening, particularly from John Hargreaves in the title role, and Jean Allister the "daughter-in-law elect." Patricia Kern contributed some delightful moments and so did David Hillman as the wandering minstrel. Marion Studholme as the heroine, Yum-Yum, is slightly handicapped by her acting (lines which demand only a certain inflexion to raise a laugh were missed) and I find her voice too metallic and edgy for comfort, though this is clearly a personal thing. The new Ko-Ko is Bill Owen: his coarse, broad comedy lacked all style. The sets and costumes are distinguished and really lovely to look at.



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VIC SINGH

□ WHAT'S ON GUIDE to Good Looks opening times at Christmas:

Aldo Bruno. Until 1 on Saturday, normal day on Christmas Eve. Gerard Austen at Carita. Open all day Saturday & Christmas Eve. André Bernard. Saturday until 1.30, normal day on Christmas Eve. Rose Evansky. Last appointment about 12 on Saturday, 6 on Christmas Eve. French of London. Last appointment at 2 on Saturday. Closed Christmas Eve. L'Elonge. Open Saturday, until 1 on Christmas Eve. René. Until 1 on Saturday, all day Christmas Eve. Vidal Sassoon. All day Saturday, closed on Christmas Eve. Alan Spiers. Last appointments about 3 on Saturday, 6 on Christmas Eve. Xavier. Open Saturday and Christmas Eve.

□ Christmastime . . . when the average number of parties per head spirals. When they work to saturation at the hairdressers. When they cocoon you in a warm pink blanket at the beauty salon. When they bring out new ways of making you look good under the Christmas tree. When the lights light up and candles come into their own. □ When Estée Lauder launches a revolutionary Evening Make-up Collection dedicated to making the face glow with a pearly sheen under night lights. Mix the magic ingredients like this: apply make-up base in glowing colours like Evening Beige, Peach, Rose & Sun (59s. 6d., everything else costs

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

ILLUMINATIONS

27s. 6d.). Next use Evening Creme rouge to add a rosy touch high on the cheeks. (Faces that need a bit of camouflage can try a little under the nose where shadows are cast, at the outer corners of eyes to add sparkle.) Next powder to match make-up base. Then comes the twist: a light coverage of fantastic liquid finishing rouge with a pearl patina. Evening eye make-

up is painted on from a creamy block to line eyes in super shades like Evening Sea, a boiling Turquoise, a pretty Violet, with a background of the cream version in a tube. Evening lips are phosphorescent with glossy shades like Evening Peach, Coral, Rose, plus the see-through Evening Frost which adds a glimmering mist on top of another shade and Evening Blush

that pinkens prettily. Buy it now only at Harrods; Fortnum & Mason; Dickins & Jones; Marshall & Snelgrove; Selfridges and John Barker. □ When Vidal Sassoon makes a party line in hair as smooth and shining as a Christmas tree ball—see picture above. □ When Marcel Rochas puts their partyish scent Madame Rochas into a tapestry-patterned atomizer: £6 17s.

MOTORING

Dudley Noble

The pleasing Porsche*The Porsche Super 75 Cabriolet*

WITH THE PRICE OF A PORSCHE BELOW £2,000, thanks to Mr. Maudling, there should be a big rush of business men customers for it. I doubt whether many people who want fast transport for two persons could find much fault with this car. To me it is one of the few cars that bring real driving joy; there is something solid yet delicate about it, the feeling of complete stability combined with precise engineering and instant response. True, it is quite costly for a small car, and one with an air cooled engine at that (it was originally developed from the Volkswagen) but it does offer a very special kind of motoring. I do not want to give the impression that it is in fact a hotted-up version of the VW, for it is not; the engine is larger than those of both models of that make, being 1,582 c.c. capacity, and is made specially for the Porsche. It is, however, of the same type as the Volkswagen, with four air-cooled cylinders arranged in two horizontal pairs; Dr. Ferdinand Porsche was the original designer of both, and his son, Herr Ferry Porsche, is the lucky recipient of licence fees paid by many motor manufacturers (even including our own B.M.C.) for the use of some of his father's patents. Be that as it may, there is such a steady, and strong, demand from knowledgeable motorists all over the world for Porsche cars that waiting lists persist. Output is limited because individual craftsmanship is insisted on at the Stuttgart factory, where production is reckoned in tens and not thousands. The car I have been trying is the Super 75, the intermediate model in a range of three, all with the same

sized engine but with power varying from 70 b.h.p. in the case of the 1600 to 102 b.h.p. for the 1600-S-90; the Super 75 engine develops 88 b.h.p. on a compression ratio of 8.5 to 1 and will take the car to a maximum of rather better than 110 m.p.h.; it will cruise at 100 m.p.h. indefinitely. The engine does not develop an inordinate thirst for petrol if driven at high speeds for long periods; even the really hard driver will get around 30 miles to the gallon, and 35 m.p.g. is not exceptional if one keeps below three figure speeds. And, though air cooled engines are prone to be noisier than those with water jackets, the Porsche rear mounted unit does not impose undue strain on the passengers' ear drums, probably because of efficient sound damping in the engine compartment. The four speed gearbox is likewise a silent runner; there is synchromesh to all ratios and the short central change speed lever is a positive dream to handle. Move it as fast as you like—you can't "beat" the synchro and the next gear goes in with a satisfying snick. All in all, this is a delightful car; light and easy to handle but immensely sure-footed and a brilliant performer. The cabriolet illustrated costs £2,313 including purchase tax; but the 1600 fixed head coupé is well below the round two thousand at £1,900, while the Super 75 with same bodywork is listed at £2,063. Importers here are A.F.N. (Frazer-Nash Ltd.), Falcon Works, London Road, Isleworth, Middlesex.

A useful little pamphlet has been sent me by India Tyres Ltd., of Inchinnan, Renfrew. It explains many of the ills that

afflict car tyres and why some drivers get only half the mileage from them that others get. There are also diagrams illustrating methods of changing wheels round so that each tyre has a fair crack of the whip and a reasonable chance of wearing evenly. The pamphlet is issued as an India tyre service, and will be sent on request.

Now that we use our lights so much more than before the clocks went back it is imperative to keep spare bulbs in the car. If they are left lying around loose their life is apt to be short, and to provide a proper housing, Philips Electrical Ltd. have brought out a container which, though only 3½ in. long and 1½ in. deep, holds four different bulbs. Between them they will suit the majority of modern British cars—Philips claim 95 per cent. Complete with four bulbs (but not including one for headlamps, as these are now so often of the sealed beam type, without a separate bulb), each embedded in shock absorbing extruded polystyrene, the kit costs 10s. 6d., and most accessory dealers sell it. I need hardly add that to drive with one side or tail lamp out of action is both illegal and dangerous.

BRAKE-WATCHING: with the new Tapley brake efficiency meter, the owner-driver can check his car's roadworthiness daily. Not much bigger than a matchbox, and thus easily fixed to the fascia, it has an impressive ancestry, for its makers also produce the meter by which all British road vehicles are statutorily tested for safe brakes. From Tapley Meters, Totton, Southampton, price: £2 10s.



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PIERRE
PAGES

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

What every man should know

EACH YEAR, ABOUT THIS TIME, A hoary old myth is carried forward another step to perpetuity. The myth? That men have no idea what to give women as Christmas presents. I prefer to believe that all the readers of this column are imaginative and successful present-givers, whose gifts bring squeals of delight and cries of "just what I wanted—how clever you are" on Christmas morning. Genuine squeals and cries that don't mask a resolution to hotfoot round to the shops immediately after Boxing Day to change whatever it was.

There are two schools of thought on presents: one subscribes to the Big Surprise theory, the other to the Planned Delight school. The first can be very successful, but can be risky as well. The second is a guaranteed success, but without the surprise factor.

Some shops are expert at the Big Surprise gambit: their buyers are full of ideas and expertise. Take Gieves in Old Bond Street. Their know-how dates back to the war years when Naval officers demanded presents for their wives and girl-friends (often WRENS). Gieves proved as adaptable as ever, and today their gift department on the first floor offers an almost infallible choice of presents, from stockings to perfume. They also have a range of assistants in various sizes who can be formed up in line ahead to help choose the right size; otherwise it's useful to go armed with as many sizes as you can remember—bust, hips, waist and height make a useful start. Some things fit all sizes—bed jackets, for instance.

Gieves are particularly helpful on really frothy lingerie more often found in shops which no man can afford to be seen coming out of; one of their frankly sexy colour schemes is holly green. The Austrian Loden coats are popular gifts, very warm and water repellent, £21. So are the naval-cut watch coats in Cromby napp. But I think Gieves's most dramatic offering is a black baratheia boat cloak, lined in scarlet with a gilt clasp at the neck.

Another shop where a man can't go wrong is Hermes, where every present is sure to please and advice is most authoritative, spoken with a delightful Faubourg St. Honoré accent. I have never heard any girl complain bitterly of having

too much perfume—Hermes have two ravishing new ones, Caleche and Doblis. Gucci in Bond Street have some infallible handbags—but here one gets on to dangerous ground, more safely trodden by those of the Planned Delight party, who always ask for a clue about the recipient's needs first.

Generally, I go for the Big Surprise. But Planning Delight, I asked a girl with delicious taste and imagination what she wanted for Christmas. Here is her list, which may provide some ideas for Big Surprises—and downright shocks in some cases.

A kitten, from Petticoat Lane. A very simple watch with a thin crocodile strap (try Boucheron). A black fox muff (no sizes needed). A subscription to Nylons Unlimited, who provide a new one for every laddered stocking. One dozen Chanel soaps. A case of Alsace wine—Muscat Hugel '59 at Kettner's, possibly. A ring for her little finger from Richard Ogden in Burlington Arcade. One hundred fat Turkish cigarettes from Sullivan Powell, farther up in the same arcade. A big glass jar of Jordan almonds. At least eight strands of jet beads. A Fabergé cigarette case—Mr. Snowman at Wartski might be able to help. A fringed and bobbled Spanish rug from Casa Pupo. One pound of China tea from Twinings. One of the kaleidoscopes at Presents (hurry—they sold out fast last year). Twelve delicious meals, one a month, sent from Pruniers. A dozen bunches of violets.

A telephone credit card, bills to be paid by the donor. A voucher for a hair-do from any of the top London hairdressers, ranging from 15s. 6d. to 3 gns. The golden opportunity to ride each morning in Hyde Park—contact Lilo Blom. A Rolls-Royce for one day every month, to go shopping in; better still, a Rolls-Royce. Season ticket to the Finnish Sauna, 10 baths, 10 massages. A set of copper cooking pans from Madam Cadec. Marrons glacé to just this side of nausea from Floris. A quill pen from Frank Smythson. A Ronson Varaflame lighter—the lipstick-like Ladylite, 5 gns. Finally, greed overtook the poor girl and she demanded some mad Roger Vivier slippers, jewelled and beaded, about £60.

I think I'll buy her the dozen bunches of violets.

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Weddings



Sivewright—Fitzsimmons: Sylvia Daphne, daughter of Capt. R. H. V. Sivewright, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. S. T. Sivewright, of Buckingham Palace Mansions, S.W.1, was married to Major John V. Fitzsimmons, son of the late Mr. R. S. and of Mrs. Fitzsimmons, of Birkenhead, at St. Michael's, Chester Sq.



Bergquist—Brundage: Kirsten Marea, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence C. Bergquist, of Westminster Gardens, S.W.1, was married to Lt. John Andrew Brundage, U.S.A.F., son of Mr. & Mrs. L. N. Brundage, of Bethel, Connecticut, at St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, Westminster



Middleton—Allison: Pauline Barbara, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Middleton, of Picktree House, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham, was married to Raymond Louis, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. R. Allison, of the Bower Flat, Beaufront Castle, Hexham, Northumberland, at St. Cuthbert's Catholic Church, Chester-le-Street



Bowyer—Pope: Sylvia, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paget Bowyer, of Peake House, Corfe Castle, Dorset, was married to Christopher, son of Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Pope, of Wrackelford House, Dorchester, Dorset, at the Church of St. Edward the Martyr, Corfe Castle



Summers—Wordsworth: Anne, daughter of Major & Mrs. David Summers, of North Rye House, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos, was married to Antony, son of Lt.-Col. J. G. Wordsworth, of the Garden House, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire, and of Mrs. W. D. Blackwood, of Garsdon House, Malmesbury, Wilts, at St. Paul's, Broadwell, Glos



Lyons—Buckley: Julia Caroline, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. C. Lyons, of the Manor House, Much Hadham, Herts, was married to Nicholas Miles, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. F. S. Buckley, of St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3, at St. Andrew's, Much Hadham

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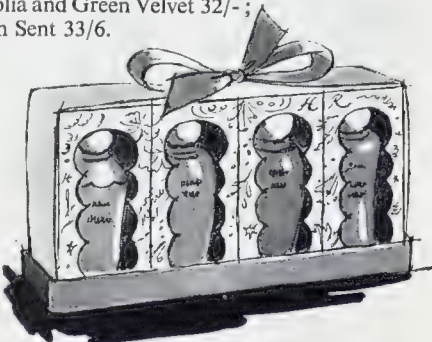
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Hostess-savers

FOR MANY OF US THE INTIMATE party of eight to 10 people is by far the most satisfactory. One can then cope adequately with it single-handed. There is little comfort if the cook-hostess has to absent herself too much in the kitchen—it gives the guests a sense of guilt. Anyway, nobody goes visiting for food alone. That is why a casserole main dish has become so popular. A beef goulash with no water in its making is splendid, so is one of chicken, though by now, we hesitate to serve chicken to guests because it has become so commonplace. Those who entertain at home also tend more and more to roast meats.

A lovely, if expensive, dish for guests is a rolled boned LOIN OF VEAL, Dutch or English, produced in the Continental manner, complete with kidney. It is better, perhaps, if roasted on the bone which has been chined. Boned veal is the easier to carve, but a neatly tied chined joint presents little difficulty. Veal should be well spread with butter. Start the cooking at a fair heat, then lower it and cook more gently but long enough for the meat to be cooked through. Butter, apart from its flavour, has the virtue of browning quickly.

Another useful joint is the top of the sirloin, the ENTRECÔTE. Though this, too, is very expensive, people do not seem to mind paying for such cuts as an alternative to the costly business of entertaining out. The *entrecôte*, also well spread with butter, is started at a very high heat—say, 475 deg. F. or gas mark 9—to brown it to an even warm tone. The heat is then reduced to a steady 350 deg. F. or gas mark 4, and it is now up to the cook to decide how underdone or well done the meat should be. It is a good idea to select a piece which is on the thin side at one end, graduating to a thicker piece at the other end. You have two ends from which to carve—the thin one which may be pretty well done and the thicker one which, for those who like it, will be underdone. I find that this works.

Today, when the hostess has so often to do the carving in addition to the cooking, it is a good idea to do it in the kitchen and reassemble the slices on the serving dish. This saves the host the embarrassment of

watching his wife slaving away at the job which, by rights, he should do. But (let us face it) it takes a certain skill to carve well, and a husband who has not had the opportunity of learning can be pretty wasteful. My colleague, John Baker White, will gladly tell readers of a London restaurant where the customers are encouraged to do their own carving, with professional carvers at hand, ready to advise.

A reader asked me, recently, for a stuffing for *POUSSIN*. She was having a party for eight and decided that, if she allowed one *poussin* per person and could use a kind of risotto stuffing, she would have no carving problem. How right she was! I gave her a recipe for a stuffing I use and here it is: For 8 *poussin*, allow 8 dessertspoons of Patna rice or, better still, that wonderful Carolina rice, which is "disaster-proof." Just cook it as directed on the packet. (This can be done early in the day or even a day in advance.) Stiffen the chicken livers in a little butter, together with 3 to 4 oz. of sliced small mushrooms, then roughly chop the livers. Add a little more butter to the pan. Turn the drained cooked rice into it and season all to taste. Add freshly chopped parsley as desired and a sprinkling of dryish vermouth—just enough to moisten the rice a little. Leave to become cold, then fill the birds with the stuffing.

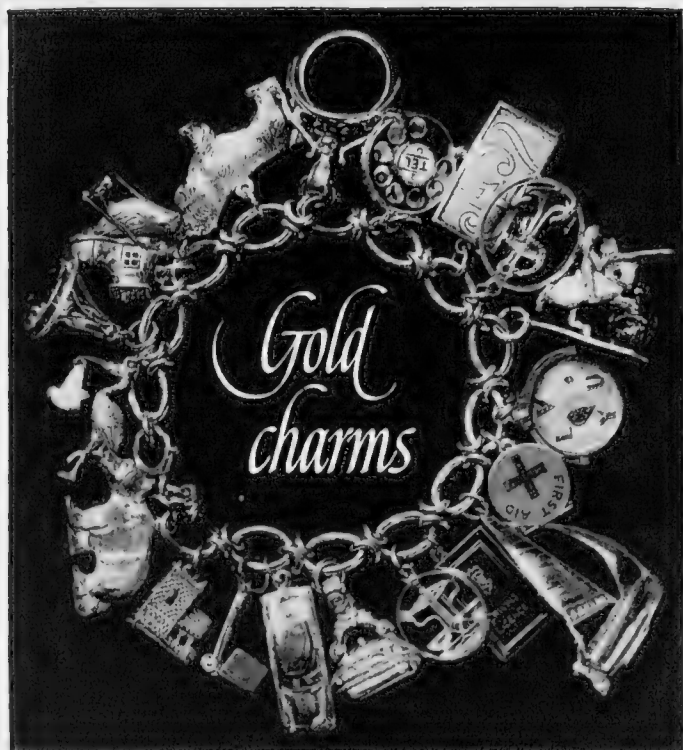
Pack the birds into the baking tray, spread them with butter and sprinkle them with a little flour, salt and pepper. Place them in a really hot oven (475 deg. F. or gas mark 9) for 10 to 15 minutes then finish the cooking at a lower temperature (350 deg. F. or gas mark 4), basting them twice during this period with the juices in the pan.

Make a rich gravy with a tablespoon or so of flour sprinkled into the pan, the strained stock from the giblets and 2 to 3 tablespoons of double cream.

I now have a Cannon electric spit on which I can roast—really roast!—4 double *poussins* at the one time. They are no trouble at all. You run the spit through them, butter them and simply follow the directions given in the cookery book which comes with each spit. This releases the oven in which to cook a pudding or anything else.

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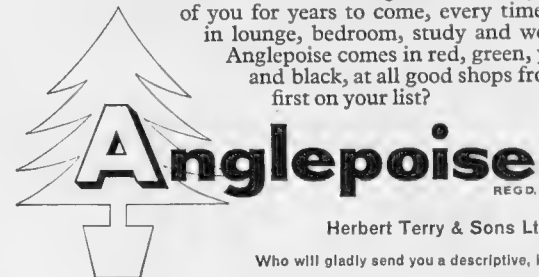


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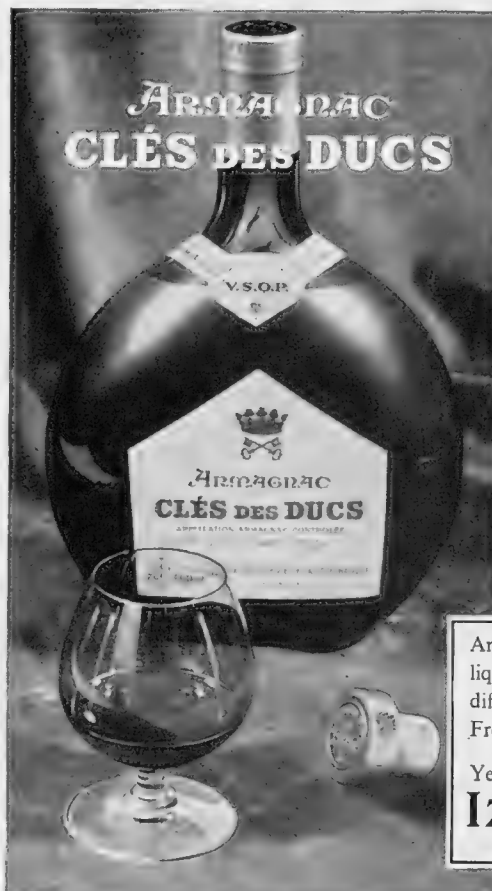
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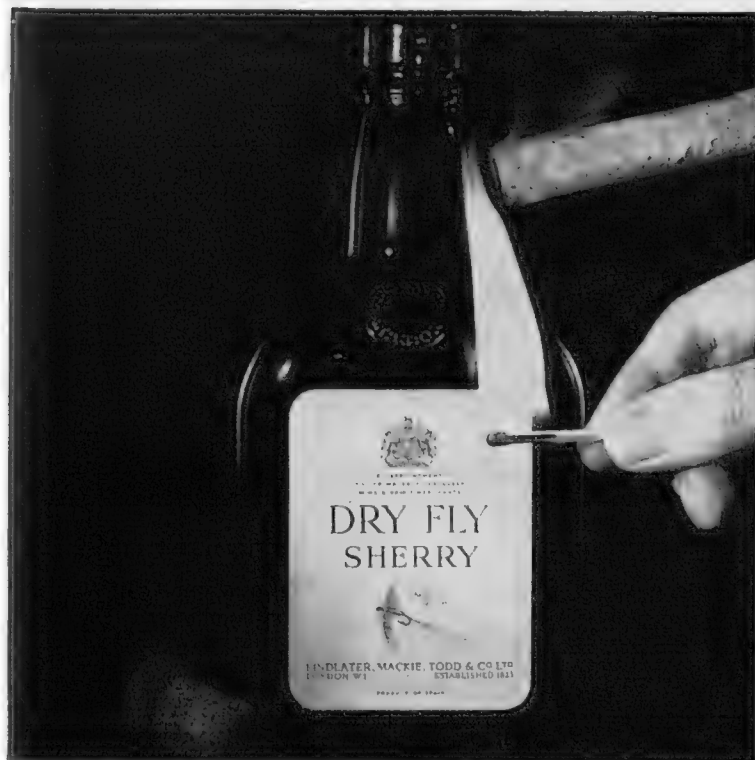
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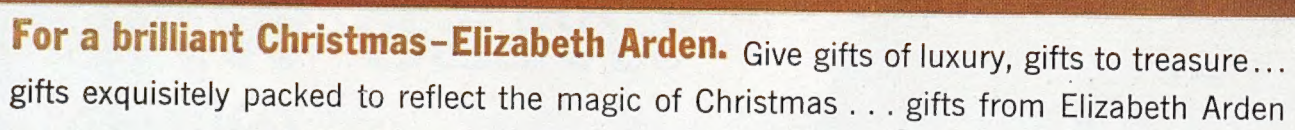


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